The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1899.

The Week.

A letter from Columbus to the *Tribune* brings the gratifying news that absolute harmony prevails in the Republican ranks in Ohio, but the writer does not explain how it came to pass. The accounts received shortly before the late convention opened, and even after the delegates had begun to arrive, were to the effect that a bitter feud existed between the Hanna and Foraker factions. The *Tribune* writer himself makes mention of this bitterness. "The condition," he says, "was chaotic in the extreme during the preliminary canvass and after the larger part of the delegates had assembled in this city, but the evolutions of the factions resulted in the nomination of a splendid ticket; there is not at this time the semblance of the old factional strife," etc. What could have happened in that brief interval? What magic word put an end to all that strife? Our advices are that the magic word was uttered by William McKinley, in the shape of an executive order taking 10,000 or more federal offices out of the competitive list of the civil service and making them loot for the politicians. As soon as this order was made known, George B. Cox, who had arrived with the Hamilton County delegates as trading material in his breeches' pocket, became a Hanna man, and harmony ensued as a matter of course. But for the civil-service order he would have remained a Foraker man, and harmony would have been more probable in the Philippines than in Columbus.

The declaration of the Ohio Republican platform, "We commend the President for the judicious modifications of the civil-service rules recently promulgated," will, in all probability, be accepted as the keynote of the party in other States on the "backward step." It will be vain to look for anything like censure of his course in any party platform. The Republican press, as a whole, has either approved the "backward step" or has refrained from comment upon it. We are glad to see that the indiscreet utterances of Congressman Kerr in the Ohio convention have moved the *Tribune* to break silence upon the subject. Its assertion that "if Mr. Kerr and his Ohio friends have the correct view of the new rules, they are a political blunder and a moral wrong," puts the case in precisely the right light. Mr. Kerr unquestionably reflects the views of every Republican politician in the country in his explanation of what the changes mean. No matter what excuses the President may make for his course, no matter how plausibly his defenders may seek to "explain it away," every intelligent person in the country knows that the politicians are accurate in their estimate of his conduct. He has delivered himself into their hands, and they will make the most of their victory.

The President's friends are "pained" again. His motives in eating his own words and devouring the party platform in this civil-service business are so cruelly misunderstood. It is only the faithful wounds of a friend which he has been dealing civil-service reform. No warmer advocate of purity in the public service exists to-day than William McKinley. There stands his own confession of the fact, in his own speeches, to prove it. As for his deeds, we are to remember two things. One is that reform must go hand in hand with "common sense." That is, while serving the Lord, we must not wholly forget the Devil. The President is perfectly orthodox on the doctrine of a personal devil, and believes thoroughly in giving him his due. In this case, his due was 10,000 offices, easily expansible into 40,000. Then we must bear in mind the urgent need there was that Mr. McKinley execute a flank movement on the Republican spoilsmen in Ohio. They were ravening for the destruction of civil-service reform in toto. With true Napoleonic (little-Napoleonic) strategy the President prevents them from demanding all by granting them a part in advance. Thus he is really a great defender of the system. He has thrown only one child to the wolves, and is driving off as fast as he can to save the rest of the family. It is a well-known fact in natural history that wolves are always satisfied with a taste of blood. So there will be no more of their howling at the President's heels.

Touching the real nature of the President's order, a correspondent who is in a position to know the facts, writes to us as follows:

"The order, as I read it, seemed designed to cover up what had been already and illegally accomplished. In one case within my knowledge, an incumbent was removed and a successor was appointed as an emergency case. He was relieved of the examination required by law, has been reappointed at intervals of ninety days, and now gains a clear record under the McKinley rule. There are a number of such, and, strange to say, nearly all under Gage—whom reformers thought such a remarkably good appointment for McKinley to have made. Since the order has been issued, in one of the Auditor's bureaus twenty-five clerks have been dropped, and instead of beginning with the temporary clerks, the older force has been dropped, and the new ones (mainly from Chicago, and known as 'Vanderlip's corps'), drawing $720 under the temporary appointment, have been advanced, and without examination, as the new order permits this. In fact, the service is in for a good debauch, and I shall be very much surprised if Gage and Vanderlip have not been the prime movers, in spite of their loud protestations for reform."

Along with very much that was irredeemably bad in the President's retrograde order was one change in the rules which is in the right direction. Two years ago Mr. McKinley encouraged the friends of reform by establishing a new rule, which provided that "no removal shall be made from any position subject to competitive examination except for just cause, and upon written charges filed with the head of the department or other appointing officer, and of which the accused shall have full notice and an opportunity to make defence." The reformers had long urged the adoption of this principle, and were greatly pleased at its acceptance by the President. But in practical operation the new rule has proved to be a farce in the Government Printing-Office, where it was especially needed. The habit of the Public Printer has been to thrust a typewritten page of malicious charges at a person removed when he asked for the reasons, accept his indignant denial as conclusion of the case, and thereupon summarily make the removal without giving opportunity for an answer in writing and without any official record of the answer. The amended rule provides not only that no removal shall be made except for just cause and for reasons given in writing, but also that the person sought to be removed shall have notice and be furnished a copy of such reasons, and be allowed a reasonable time for personally answering the same in writing; and that a copy of such reasons, notice, and answer, and of the order of removal, shall be made a part of the records of the proper department or office. It further provides that reasons for any change in rank or compensation within the competitive classified service shall also be made a part of the records of the proper department or office. This is a distinct improvement, so far as the letter of the law goes, but it remains to be seen whether its spirit cannot be violated by cunning spoilsmen.

Gen. Otis's report, which the nervousness of the War Department leads it to give out, leaves little doubt that the Filipinos were the aggressors in the first fighting on February 4. What it does not satisfactorily answer, however, is the question why the previous negotiations for a peaceful settlement failed. We have not before been told so clearly of the nature and extent of the conferences between the Americans and the native representatives during January.

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The sessions extended over three weeks. Both sides professed to desire to come to an amicable understanding, but Gen. Otis says he was compelled to break off because the proposals of the Filipinos were so vague. They wanted independence under an American protectorate, but the nature and scope of such protection they "could not explain." One would infer that the American counter-propositions were clear-cut as crystal. But we know, in fact, that they were vaguer than anything the most dreamy Oriental could have urged. What the Filipinos were told they must do was, in effect, to trust the good McKinley, trust the American Congress, and trust to luck. Vagueness for vagueness, we think they might have retorted on Gen. Otis with considerable asperity. As against the possibly prejudiced representations of either side, we quote what an old English resident of Manila said on April 4 to the Philippine correspondent of the Paris *Temps:* "If the Americans had continued, as on the day when they were welcomed at Cavité as liberators, to treat the Filipinos as brothers in arms, this fatal conflict would have been avoided. Their protectorate would have been accepted enthusiastically, for it was both expected and desired." This is the fact which makes the world think the whole Philippine horror due to blundering diplomacy. Otis did the best he could; but his instructions from Washington tied his hands, and left him helpless to prevent a war which all on the spot foresaw.

The contest over the Speakership of the next House is settled about six months before the time for its meeting in the natural order of things, and within about six weeks after the announcement of Mr. Reed's probable withdrawal from Congress. There have been a number of cases where the reëlection of a man who had held the office was assured half a year before the choice was made, but there is no precedent for so early a decision of a canvass for the place when it was open to competition. There is reason for satisfaction in the result of the contest. Gen. Henderson of Iowa is not by any means the ablest member of the House, or the one best qualified in all respects for the Speakership; there are men in the Massachusetts delegation, to mention only a single State, who are clearly his superiors. But it is equally true that he is the best of those who entered the canvass with any prospect of success. It was not to be supposed that Western Representatives would take kindly to the idea of having one Speaker from New England succeeded by another, especially by a member of comparatively brief service. Between Gen. Henderson and Messrs. Sherman and Payne of New York, and Mr. Hopkins of Illinois, the only men who have been seriously his rivals, there was no room for doubt as to the proper choice. The Iowa Representative is not a great man, and will not stand in the first rank among Speakers; but he is a man of good ability, high character, and uncommon independence for a partisan, whose instincts and tendencies are on the right side in the matters of a large standing army, wars of conquest, and the other new issues which have arisen during the past year.

The Republicans of Delaware continue to suffer the just penalty for the favor which they have lent in the past to a rich vulgarian who offered to purchase the Legislature for their party. They were ready enough to let Addicks spend his money profusely in buying votes so that there might be a Republican Legislature, which he expected would give him the United States Senatorship that he wanted. But after they had got the Legislature in this way more than once, they refused to recognize any obligation on their side, and Addicks was thus repeatedly cheated out of what he supposed he had fairly bought. This made him so indignant that he vowed that no other Republican should get a good office, and he carried out the threat on Saturday by turning over the city government of Wilmington to the Democrats, simply because he could not abide the idea of seeing a Republican succeed who is a man of high character, but has always refused to train with the Addicks crowd. This is hard on the people of Wilmington, but, so far as the Republican party is concerned, there is poetic justice in it.

Pingree evidently thinks that the Governor, like the King, can do no wrong, if only he declares himself an anti-monopolist. The Michigan Executive is a member of a great shoe-manufacturing firm in Detroit. When the State troops for the war against Spain were equipped a year ago, their shoes were bought from Pingree & Smith. The shoes were very good, but the minority members of a legislative investigating committee hold that the principle of the State's purchasing goods from its Governor is very bad. "The committee cannot but condemn as a vicious precedent," says their report, "the selling of goods to the State by the Governor or the firm of which he is the senior member, at their own price, and without inviting bids from competing firms." They also point out that the law now prohibits members of the Board of State Institutions from being interested in or selling to these institutions any supplies, and they recommend that a similar law, applicable to the Military Board and to all State officials, be enacted, and that employees in any department be debarred from traffic with that department. Pingree would doubtless agree that such criticism would be all right in the case of a Governor who was not an anti-monopolist, but it struck him as insulting when directed against an Executive who is a friend of the people.

The best immigration argument for the proposed hand-book advertising the resources of Georgia is the recent action of the community in the case of the outrages at Griffin. It has become a common thing in parts of the South for worthless white men to run industrious black men out of the town. Some roughs of the superior race recently set out to do this at Griffin, warning members of the inferior race who had offended them by working in the mills to leave, on penalty of losing their lives. Too frequently in such cases the white rowdies have their way, but the decent people of Griffin refused to sit still under this outrage. They have encouraged and sustained the authorities in enforcing the laws, with the result that eight of the toughs have already been lodged in jail and others are threatened with arrest. Georgia newspapers contrast this honorable action with the outrageous course pursued by the Governor of Illinois towards the colored miners from Alabama last fall, and they are entirely justified in thinking that the contrast is sadly to the discredit of Abraham Lincoln's State.

The inquiries which Mr. Moss made last Thursday about the methods pursued in the Tax Department led to a good many interesting revelations as to what goes on under the head of "equalizing taxes." Some taxes are "equalized up," and others are "equalized down," and, by a curious coincidence, the names of Tammany statesmen and their friends who own property appear quite regularly in the latter category. Quite incidentally, Mr. Moss showed what a beneficent thing Tammany government is to the members of the Feitner family. Mr. Feitner is the President of the Tax Department, and enjoys a salary of $8,000. His brother-in-law, Mr. Moore, is his Deputy Commissioner, and enjoys a salary of $3,000. His sister-in-law, Miss Moore, is his private secretary, and enjoys a salary of $1,700. Mr. Powell, who lately became his son-in-law, is Chief Clerk of the Borough of Queens, and enjoys a salary of $2,500. There may be other sons-in law and brothers-in-law quartered in other branches of the municipal service, but $15,200 a year makes a tidy family income as it stands. There seems to be no immediate danger that the Feitner family will suffer want so long as Tammany holds the reins of government.

Dispatches from The Hague affirm that the plan of the American delegates has been unanimously accepted by the Arbitration Committee, and that it will certainly be adopted, with, perhaps, some

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amendments in its working features. If this prove to be the case, it will be a great triumph for the United States, and a still greater one for the cause of peace. The plan provides for a permanent international tribunal, to which any and all questions of disagreement may, by mutual consent, be submitted for decision, "but every such submission shall be accompanied by an undertaking to accept the award." The number of judges shall be as many as the litigating nations agree upon, but not less than three in any case, no one of whom shall be a native or a subject of the litigating nation. The plan is to become operative when ratified by nine sovereign Powers, four of whom shall have been signers of the Declaration of Paris. The British plan, as reported, differs from the American in not requiring the parties litigant to agree beforehand to abide by the decision of the tribunal. According to this plan the tribunal would be merely a court for finding facts, and the law (international law) in the cases submitted. As to this point of difference, the American plan is much to be preferred. What is the use of taking so much pains to establish a court and submit a case if the decision is not to be binding? Inasmuch as the submitting of cases, in the first instance, is purely voluntary, it would seem that where any nation has gone so far as to appeal to the international court, it ought to agree to obey the decision. Italy would go a step further and would require that all disputes of a minor character (to be specified), which cannot be settled in the ordinary course of diplomacy, shall be referred to the court compulsorily.

It is an apt coincidence that Esterhazy, on the very day when Du Paty de Clam was sent to prison, should have made a confession that he wrote the bordereau upon which Dreyfus was convicted. That he was the author of this document, and that he imitated the handwriting of Dreyfus in order to convict the latter of a crime of which he was himself guilty, has been known for a long time, but the villain has told such a great variety of lies about it that the public had ceased to give heed to anything further that proceeds from him. Nobody expected that he would ever tell the truth about anything, yet he has actually done so. His statement, in the office of the London *Chronicle* last Friday, may be relied upon implicitly in so far as he acknowledges that he committed forgery. In so far as he implicates others, his unsupported testimony is not worth a rush, although there is a strong probability that his charges against the French general staff are true. Esterhazy, it should be remembered, was tried in 1897, at the instance of the brother of Dreyfus, before a council of war, on the charge that he was the author of the bordereau. Du Paty de Clam was very active in defending him. He was acquitted amid great popular enthusiasm and cries of *Vive l'armée.*

Now that the Dreyfus battle has been fought through, and we all complacently feel ourselves victors, we should not forget those heroic men who in France flung themselves without apparent hope against the fury of a maddened nation. First among those we should place Col. Picquart, who, from the very ranks of the army, in the name of which such crimes had been committed, rose up to confront and expose forgers and lawless officials. From him the impulse passed to M. Scheurer-Kestner, President of the Senate, who became convinced that a terrible error had been made, and did all he could, first to clear himself from all complicity in it, and then to have it undone. But it took a sterner and more audacious challenge than his to really rouse the country, and this was blown on Zola's horn. His bold attack upon those guilty of a monstrous injustice must, in all fair minds, suffice to cover a multitude of novels. It was not long before men of light and leading—like M. Pressensé of the *Temps* and Prof. Seignobos—came rallying in great numbers to the cause. It was then only a question of time when it should be triumphant. But we who see the satisfying end of the long struggle, should not withhold out tribute from those who entered upon it with no reasonable prospect but scorn and failure.

The ridiculous assault made upon President Loubet seems to have had its origin and principal seat rather in the ranks of the anti-republican forces of France than among anti-revisionists or the anti-Semites. Of course, the pretext for it was the decision of the Court ordering a new trial of Dreyfus, but the real animus of the titled rioters was their hatred of the republican government. The Republican party of France has been gradually coming around to the belief that Dreyfus was the victim of a villanous conspiracy, and is now practically unanimous in that belief. The royalists have seized the present occasion for an *émeute*, because they can secure the coöperation of other groups calling themselves League of Patriots, Anti-Semites, etc., in the common purpose of overthrowing the present form of government. It is a rare coalition that finds Count Christiani and Rochefort working together. There is no danger to be apprehended, however. The republic is too strong for the coalition; and the cause of justice, after a period of doubt and danger, has won a victory which the motley horde of royalists, imperialists, *intransigeants*, and common blackguards will not be able to disturb.

That fifty-one members of the House of Commons should have opposed on Monday the grant to Gen. Lord Kitchener, was obviously due to their feeling that national rewards to a man who had shocked national sentiment by his treatment of the Mahdi's remains at Khartum should be resisted. No other ground of objection was made by anybody, and even Mr. Balfour, while maintaining that the whole question was one of military merit, had to admit that he wished the thing had been done differently. It was left again for infidel John Morley to speak for the humane and Christian feeling of the country. He led in the House, as he had previously done on the hustings, the protest against permitting English soldiers and civilians to be barbarized by "the savages they are sent out to kill or civilize." However politic Gen. Kitchener may have thought it to desecrate the Mahdi's tomb, so that it might not remain a shrine of superstitious reverence, the deed was done with quite unnecessary brutality, outraging the feelings of the very officers and men detailed to do the work. Mr. Morley has recalled with much point and force the example of the English General in Spain, who ordered decently reinterred the corpse of a French officer which the Spaniards had dug up and decapitated. That was in 1812, and the question is if Imperialism has since coarsened the moral fibre.

Affairs in the Transvaal are evidently moving to a crisis. The correspondence between Mr Chamberlain and President Krüger respecting the dynamite monopoly has reached a deadlock, the former assuming that the monopoly is in conflict with the London convention, and the latter contending that it is not. As neither of them is willing to yield, it would look as though force were the next remedy to be applied. The exclusive right to deal in dynamite was granted by the Transvaal Government to a private person, or firm, many years ago, without any adequate compensation to the Government itself. It is of the same nature as the monopolies granted by the Stuarts in England two or three hundred years ago—monopolies to sell salt or soap, or to import some indispensable article. Since the mining of gold grew to be a great industry in the Transvaal, the dynamite monopoly has become an intolerable burden of the Outlanders, who are oppressed and overtaxed in other ways, and not allowed to have a share in the government which their contributions chiefly support. If there should be a new collision between England and the Transvaal arising out of these grievances, we are assured that the Americans, large numbers of whom are engaged in gold-mining there, would be among the first to revolt. But negotiations between President Krüger and Sir Alfred Milner are in progress.

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TO WHOM DOES M'KINLEY APPEAL?

That the President of the United States should be, by virtue of his position, constantly exposed to hostile criticism and attack, has come to be looked upon as quite a matter of course; and President McKinley has proved no exception to the rule. In one respect, however, the criticism to which he has been subjected has peculiar significance and force. Other Presidents, also, have had to endure the disparagements of an opposition party and an opposition press, the factious sneers and taunts of those bent on finding fault, and the personal denunciation of individuals whose selfish plans have been thwarted. But the criticism of President McKinley cuts deeper. He is charged, more or less openly, by influential men of his own political household, with having broken his solemn pledges to his party and to the country; with having promised one thing and done another; with having deceived those who put their trust in him; and the charges are accompanied by the citation of chapter and verse in proof thereof. Other Presidents have been accused of politic dealing, of leniency towards the shortcomings of their subordinates, and of concessions to strong opposition, but none within the present generation has called out, from the ranks of his own supporters, such a growing volume of protest and remonstrance directly impugning his honor as the chief magistrate of the nation.

Criticism of such a sort, striking straight at the foundations of personal truthfulness and integrity, raises a question as to the class of persons to whom President McKinley makes his appeal. It is difficult to believe that a man of experience and personal uprightness, elevated to the Presidency under solemn obligations and responsibilities, can, as a result of argument and pressure, surrender his convictions on critical points without first convincing himself that he is thereby getting an equivalent for what he gives up, and assuring himself of equal justification in the eyes of the world. In bending his course somewhat with a view to a second term, Mr. McKinley is only doing what his predecessors have done. But how is he doing it? Wherein do the successive steps in his timorous and deceptive policy—a policy at once the grief of his friends and the amazement of his enemies—make in that direction? Precisely how does he expect, doing as he has done, to make himself his own successor? To whom does he appeal?

The recent civil-service order may well raise this very pertinent question. If there was anything in regard to which the platform Mr. McKinley was elected on was definite and emphatic, it was the approval and support of civil-service reform; and the declaration of the party was reaffirmed in the personal pledge of Mr. McKinley himself. The attitude of the better element of both the great parties on the subject is so well known that it would be idle to restate it. Yet President McKinley was hardly warm in his chair before word was given out that considerable exemptions from the civil-service rules were shortly to be made. The instant rebuke from the press of his own party was stern enough, one would think, to have convinced most men that on that point at least good faith must be kept. But the rebuke was not enough. For nearly two years the proposed order has been imminent, and its immediate appearance several times announced; and, now that it has come, a single glance shows it to be the worst assault on administrative purity and efficiency since the civil-service law went on to the statute-book. Whatever the motive, here at least is no haste, no sudden yielding to extraordinary pressure, but a long-considered and deliberately planned step. We cannot assume that the President has knowingly weakened his position, or is satisfied that the order will cost him support in the directions in which he deems support most valuable. What are those directions? Upon whose support does President McKinley count?

It is clear enough, we think, that the appeal is not to the so-called "better element"—to the voters of education, property, social position, and public spirit. With few exceptions, indeed, these are the men who have formed the solid support of the movement for civil-service reform, and who are the head and front of every forward movement, whether in politics, education, science, religion, or philanthropy, to be found in the United States at the present time. Without regard to party, and with no chance of personal reward, they have labored to bring about a clean political life and secure the adoption of business methods in the Government service. It is not to them, therefore, that President McKinley appeals; they had repudiated the action before it was taken. The late executive order can have but one effect in this direction, and that is to array against the Administration, in a solid column, the voters whose approval has always been, in the long run, best worth having, and to destroy what little confidence was left in the good faith of a President who deliberately undermines a structure he solemnly promised to maintain.

On the other hand, we are persuaded that President McKinley has made a grave mistake if he thinks his latest action will strengthen his hold upon the masses of the people. There is one thing that the American people, without regard to party, creed, or social position, utterly abhor; and that is a moral coward. They have, indeed, ceased to expect that the President of the United States will always be a great constructive statesman, or a leader without a single selfish aim. But they are disposed to insist that he be a man of truthfulness, courage, and "backbone." They demand that he shall lead, and not follow; that he shall sturdily resist pressure; that he shall show, in his public acts, the virtues of positive character; and that his political philosophy shall be arrived at by some more worthy process than keeping his ear to the ground. President McKinley, we are confident, has made nothing but enemies among those of his supporters, thousands in number, who claim no special knowledge of the merits of this particular matter, but who will see in the recent order one more proof of essential moral weakness, even where the finer honor of the nation is at stake.

There is left the relatively small number of men, many of them little in evidence ordinarily, whose business it is to bring political things to pass. They are the men who run the machine, raise campaign funds, dictate nominations, engineer elections, control appointments to office, and live upon the spoils. These are the men who make and unmake Presidents; and it is to them that Mr. McKinley appeals. From the day when he put the patronage of the government into the hands of Platt, and Hanna, and Quay, and all the rest, to the present time, no single public act of his has failed to show the trained hand of the political boss. It is the skilled manipulators of votes who are the determining factors in practical politics. They alone, from the President's standpoint, can give him what he wants—a second term; and he must pay the price. The "better element," mainly scholars and "dudes," can go; the "masses" can be hoodwinked, bought, or bullied; but to offend the boss is death. It is a melancholy spectacle, this opening the gates to the hungry crowd of spoilsmen. It must have caused the tender heart of the President a pang. But the men who placed him where he is, and who are willing to try to keep him there, must have their way; and it is to them that he appeals.

GOOD MEN IN BAD BUSINESS.

Secretary Gage's limping defence of the President's indefensible civil-service order, like his silent though shame-faced acquiescence in certain scandalous appointments and removals in the Treasury Department, shows that he is rapidly becoming what the sneering politician called "a good man in the worst sense of the words." That is to say, he brings himself to lend his respectability as so much sheep's clothing for wolves to wear. Of the details of Mr. Gage's feeble apology for McKinley we shall speak in a moment, but the pity of it is that he allowed himself to be seduced into making any apology at all. By consenting to come forward at this juncture as the President's whitewasher, he irreparably damages his own reputa-

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tion without sensibly helping his chief's. For the time being, it is true, he throws dust in the eyes of the credulous. "There, you see," silly people will say, "it can't be as bad as the reformers and the Civil-Service Commission think, for good Mr. Gage approves of it."

The Secretary's omissions are fully as significant as any of the assertions in his statement. He has not a word to say of the fact that the principal changes were made without consultation with the Civil-Service Commissioners, who already, as in duty bound, have spoken out against the concession to the spoilsmen. Mr. Gage does not mention the circumstance referred to in the condemnatory resolutions of the Maryland Reform Association, that the President is deserving of the graver censure because he persisted in his course "with full warning as to its consequences, and despite earnest remonstrances from patriotic citizens and from the press." Not a syllable, either, do we get from Mr. Gage about the President's tricky manipulation of the rule governing transfers, by means of which any boss can now put any heeler in any office. Nothing does he say about the suspicious exception of gaugers and storekeepers, who hereafter will keep store and gauge as in the good old times, with an eye single to delegates and the nomination which the boss orders. Silent about all these tricks and scandals is Secretary Gage, unless he may be covertly referring to them when he drops into that old shibboleth of the spoilsmen, and says that the order is not "understood," and cannot, in fact, be comprehended "by persons not close to the administration of public affairs."

Mr. Gage makes an elaborate argument to show, from the standpoint of one close to the administration of public affairs, why deputy collectors of internal revenue should be exempt from the rules. Of this the best that can be said is that it is an amazing exhibition of political simplicity. The Secretary solemnly reasons that it is neither proper nor legal to take away from collectors, by means of civil-service rules, the right to choose their own deputies. Imagine Platt and Quay and Hanna and McKinley chuckling over this! They know the kind of freedom they will leave their collectors in the matter of deputies. In what Nephelococcygia has Mr. Gage been living all this time? Does he not know that the appointment of every collector will hereafter necessarily carry with it a "slate" for all his subordinates, whom he will be bound in advance to choose as a condition precedent of getting the office? If it is undesirable to make a collector take his appointees from the eligible list, what will it be to compel him to take them on the dictation of a boss? Really, Secretary Gage's innocence in this business is too much for us. Yet we must say that in bucolic simplicity another part of his apology runs this part hard. He says that it was necessary to turn the Alaskan service over to the spoilsmen on account of "the great distance from Washington." If spoils thus necessarily increase as the square of the distance, what becomes of that "honest and effective civil service" which the President has promised to give to the Philippines?

The truth is that, in the long run, Mr. Gage will be found only to have hurt himself without helping the President. This thing has not been done in a corner. Mr. McKinley knew what he was about. He petulantly remarked to a protesting reformer that he had done so much "for you" that it was really shameless to ask him not to do something now for the politicians. The good of the public service? That may go hang. Don't you hear the roar of the Ohio convention, insulting President Harrison for his extensions of civil-service reform, and falling down before their own Nebuchadnezzar's image of a President because there was none of that nonsense about him? There is the true explanation of McKinley's spoils order, let Mr. Gage say what he may. But one good thing, we believe, will yet come of it. It will make it more difficult, if not flatly impossible, for people to talk longer of the President's "good intentions." Even Mr. Gage cannot fool the public on that score. The image, all men can now see, not only has clay feet, but is clay in the hands of the potter all the way up.

What we most deplore in the attitude of men like Mr. Gage and Secretary Long is that they throw away the only chance a good man in the cabinet has to make himself a power. We know perfectly well what they say. They want to accomplish something. They believe in their party as a whole, and think they must be silent or apologetic about many things they do not like for the sake of the good they hope to do. The politicians ask nothing better. A good man who will not be ugly, who will not kick, who, like charity, suffereth long and never faileth, is the joy of their hearts, one of their most efficient tools. Suppose Mr. Gage had put his foot down in the Shurtleff removal—told the President that if it was made he would resign, and not only resign, but expose the whole scandal, who doubts that he could have blocked the scheme? So of the civil-service retreat. Secretary Gage could have prevented that. A good man in the cabinet, ready to get out of it on the first sign of political villany, and ready to tell the public frankly why he goes out, could frighten a man like McKinley into all kinds of unintended virtue. That is the only use that we know of for a good man in public life. It is always Gambetta's alternative over again—either to "soumettre" or "démettre." Secretary Gage, however, has succeeded in doing both: he has submitted to a bad policy and has demitted his own repute in apologizing for it.

THE NICARAGUAN CANAL REPORT.

The recent statement that the members of the Nicaragua Canal Commission were still divided in judgment as to the cost of constructing a practicable canal, is now officially confirmed. Although they are agreed as to a route, the difference between the estimates of cost made by Rear-Admiral Walker and Prof. Haupt on the one hand and by Col. Hains on the other exceeds $16,500,000, or more than 13 per cent. of the average of the two estimates. This is a very wide disparity, and it will be noted that the higher estimate is made by an officer of the army whose rank and professional standing make him a formidable candidate for Chief of Engineers at the next vacancy. One fact which will strike the reader with force is the approximation of the figures given by Col. Hains to those given by Gen. Ludlow before a committee of Congress some years ago. Ludlow, though a highly accomplished engineer, was denounced at that time by the promoters of the canal scheme as an ultra-conservative and an enemy of American progress. What will the same critics say of Col. Hains?

So much of the Commission's report as is unanimous puts it out of the question for the Government to give further aid or comfort to the Maritime Canal Company. If Congress decides to build a canal through Nicaragua under exclusively American auspices, it may be willing to pay for such tangible assets as the company has on the ground, including tools, records, drawings, and a few borings which the official engineers would have been obliged to make if no private hand had made them. But the value of these things should be assessed only by disinterested experts, of such repute that the whole country will accept their judgment without question. No account whatever should be taken of worn-out franchises or conditional concessions. After its fruitless struggle for Government aid, and with its manifold promises to the public still unfulfilled, the company may consider itself well off if it can sell for cost those things which it is actually able to deliver. It cannot lay claim to the discovery of a route, for the greater part of its survey had been anticipated by other prospectors, and the only remaining feature which it could fairly claim as its own seems to be regarded by the Commission with distrust. This is the proposed cut through the crest of the Eastern Divide, and the impounding of a mass of water with a surface of perhaps 90 or 100 square miles and a depth of some 70 feet between walls which in some places would have to be artificially constructed,

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and which are believed to be without a precedent in engineering. Of course, no scientific expert would venture to say that this plan could not be carried out, for nothing in it is essentially impossible. But the proposed experiment of walling in so large a lake, under conditions such that a weak point anywhere would mean ruin for the structure, and for all the canal route below it, has drawn no little criticism from engineers in private life, and thrown a veil of hazard over the whole plan of which it forms a part.

The aim of the Commission to use nature's channel from Lake Nicaragua eastward to the sea, except for a few short cuts here and there to straighten a horseshoe bend or reach a natural wide water in the midst of a fairly level country, will commend itself to the unprofessional reader who can apply to his study of the map only the tests of common sense. If we grant at the outset the proposition that we must have an interoceanic canal, and that Nicaragua offers the best country through which to cut it, the Commission appears to have presented as good a plan as is likely to be devised, and one infinitely preferable to that of the Maritime Canal Company. But the main question is in the hypothetical stage still. When so competent an engineer as Gen. Abbot advocates the Panama route against the Nicaragua route, it is not surprising that Congress checks the whole undertaking until it can obtain the comparative data it needs.

The Nicaragua Commission has not gone out of its way to suggest any contrasts; but the President has decided to make the members of this Commission also members of the larger Commission which is to report on the relative advantages of the two routes. The Nicaragua Commission appears to have made a pretty thorough inquiry into conditions in Nicaragua, for the short time it could devote to its task, and its fund of information will be available when the larger Commission reaches the Nicaragua branch of its work. Moreover, if first impressions count for anything, the larger Commission will be fairly balanced, Admiral Walker and his colleagues having made their first study of Nicaragua, and the rest of the Commissioners making their first study of Panama. But, after all the engineering reports are in, there will still remain a phase of the general question for settlement by experts in diplomacy. In Panama, apparently, our Government would be less liable to international entanglements than in Nicaragua, where the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the rights of Costa Rica would have to be considered, even if the local Government were ready to sell or lease a strip of its territory.

THE DREYFUS DENOUEMENT.

John Quincy Adams wrote in his Diary that the continued outward success of a tricky politician seemed to him "a slur upon the moral government of the world." If many have felt that the conviction and punishment of Dreyfus for crimes which he never committed tended in like manner to impair belief in divine justice, they must now confess that Providence has "done something" in his case, in striking and dramatic enough fashion to satisfy even Carlyle. Never was there a more notable demonstration of the truth that there is a power in human society which makes for righteousness. Every circumstance conspires to make the righting of the great wrong impressive and solemn. The injustice was committed theatrically in the face of the whole world; the reparation is now made with all mankind looking on. Power, passion, national pride, army, courts, newspapers, public opinion—all were in league against one insignificant victim; but he, catching at "the skirts of God" as his only resource, sees them all fall back ashamed and defeated.

The Court of Cassation has followed the recommendations of its "reporteur" and the public prosecutor to set aside the Dreyfus verdict, and grant him a new trial; he will be sent before a new court-martial, which will not dare resort to the monstrous methods of its predecessor in 1894, and from which he will come off triumphantly acquitted. He is already acquitted in the judgment of the civilized world, and now, we may add happily, of passion-torn France herself. The precautions taken by Prime Minister Dupuy have not been in vain. His bill, irregular and suspicious as it seemed, for having both branches of the Court of Cassation sit in the hearing, is now seen to have had a valuable effect in conciliating public opinion and making anti-Dreyfusite charges ridiculous in advance. "The Jews" might buy one judge, one court, but hardly all the judges of appeal in a lump. Then the calculated indiscretion of some one in authority, through which all the evidence taken by the Court in secret was laid before the grand jury of 40,000,000 Frenchmen, has had a most felicitous effect. It prepared and persuaded the general mind to accept quietly the verdict of the Court. Instead of mobs and shouts and a national panic and crisis, we see the Court of Cassation compelled to send out its officers in order to get enough spectators present to comply with the terms of the law.

It is late in the day to dwell upon the tangled web of perjury, forgery, conspiracy, and credulity which made up the case against Dreyfus. The reporter of the Court cut his way through all this, and showed convincingly that there was before the judges an abundance of the "new facts" necessary to induce them to declare for revision. Ten such facts were specified, each notorious. It is not necessary to go into all this, but it may be worth while to dwell for a moment upon the documents of the "secret dossier" used against Dreyfus so illegally and so fatally.

A member of the original court-martial has testified to the way in which these documents were laid before it. The evidence previously submitted—the now discredited *bordereau* and all—had left the members in doubt. Then Gen. Mercier secretly handed them seven documents from the War Office, which he said completely established the guilt of the accused man. The officers of the court turned pale at the illegality demanded of them—that is, condemnation of a man on evidence of which he was left in ignorance—but bowed to the supposed "necessity of state" and voted Dreyfus guilty. But the moment these documents are brought to light and scrutinized, they turn out to be only a mass of irrelevance, misinterpretation, mistranslation, and outright forgery.

Document No. 1 was the letter containing the famous phrase "ce canaille de D." This it has been conclusively shown could not possibly have referred to Dreyfus. The second document was an intercepted dispatch from the German attaché, Col. Schwartzkoppen. But it used the German military term, "Patent," a title which could not be applied to Dreyfus. In order to make it apply, the General Staff deliberately mistranslated it. Then there were two cipher dispatches involving the Italian attaché, Panizzardi. One of these was used by the War Office in a version which the Foreign Office notified it was wholly mistaken; the other was given an absurd and impossible reference. Two other documents relating to military organization and plans had no necessary connection with Dreyfus at all. Seventh and last came the most damning evidence of all—nothing less than alleged letters of Emperor William himself to Dreyfus!

The huge credulity which could believe in the possibility of such letters is illustrated in a conversation which a witness swore to having heard between Gen. Boisdeffre and Princess Mathilde. The latter expressed doubts about Dreyfus's guilt. "Ah," said the General, "if you had seen what I have!" "What, pray?" "Well, I have seen with my own eyes a letter from the Emperor of Germany to Dreyfus." The Princess replied: "General, I am only a woman and a mere princess, but I know enough about the practices of royalty to know some things that cannot be. You may, perhaps, have seen what you say, but what you saw could not have been authentic." So, of course, it turned out. The Foreign Office disavowed and repudiated the letters, and their authenticity was indignantly and categorically denied by the German Ambassador. They were probably only

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another wretched forgery of the wretched Henry.

So the long tragedy approaches its end. Dreyfus may not live to reach France; there may be long delays in the legal processes necessary to make him a free man. But for him and for the interested world the agony is over. Even slow and faltering human justice has at last caught up with the divine judgments which are true and righteous altogether. We cannot, of course, rest our faith in Providence upon such dramatic retribution. We shall have to go on seeing truth upon the scaffold and wrong upon the throne, but it is a great help to our trust in a moral order of the world when we see so plain an instance of justice shining out like the sun.

PROFESSOR DICEY ON THE TEACHING OF LAW AT HARVARD.

OXFORD, May 17, 1899.

In the Hall of All Souls' College, the Vinerian Professor of English Law has just delivered a public lecture on the "Teaching of Law at Harvard." He began by reverting to his own inaugural lecture of sixteen years ago, in which he had affirmed that the principles of English law "could be taught by duly qualified teachers to duly intelligent students." This speculative contention that law, being a science, must be amenable to the same professorial methods of teaching [illegible]d in the case of other sciences, had now [illegible]n practically proved to be correct by the general experience of American universities, and, in particular, by the teaching of law at Harvard. The Harvard Law School went back to the days of Story, and was really of more ancient origin than the present teaching of law at Oxford. Dane, inspired by the spirit of Mr. Viner, who founded Blackstone's chair in Oxford, made a chair at Harvard which was first filled by Story, and in which Story was followed by other able men. Nevertheless, Prof. Langdell was the second founder, the restorer of law teaching at Harvard, and had found in such men as Thayer, Gray, and Ames indispensable and able coadjutors, men whose writings were familiar to every educated English lawyer. The Harvard Law School had won by tangible success the gifts of many benefactors, and formed a sort of university within the university. Here Prof. Dicey dwelt at some length on the Law Library at Harvard, "the most perfect collection of the records of the law of the English people to be found in any part of the English-speaking world." It was noteworthy as something which visibly typified the spirit of enthusiastic study that informs the great Law School. The students, the professors, and its most admirable teaching constituted the glory of the school itself, as might be gathered from the increase in the numbers resorting to it, which had almost quadrupled, increasing under Professor Langdell's new régime from 120 to 550 or thereabouts. At present their real difficulty lay in the fact that the numbers of the pupils almost go beyond the possibility of teaching them.

The greatest triumph of the Harvard law professors in fact was that they had finally dispelled the "deep-seated delusion" which regards law in the light of a "handicraft," to be learned only by apprenticeship in chambers. The lecturer quoted the testimony of Mr. James C. Carter, who had been convinced that the Common Law of England was a science resting on principles best acquired through the teaching of men who have mastered them, and announced his present purpose of setting forth the principles and character of the Harvard teaching so as to make comprehensible its success.

The school was a professional one for the teaching of students whose aim was to become successful practising lawyers, and who had already received an adequate general training represented by the B.A. of Harvard, Yale, or some other American university. These students were in the position of men beginning to read for the Oxford Jurisprudence School, so far as knowledge of the law was concerned. Otherwise, they were in no way as Oxford undergraduates are. They were men of twenty-two or twenty-three, ready to join the Law School with the practical object of acquiring knowledge of the law, and thus occupied the position of young men here beginning to read in chambers. At the Law School three years were required to obtain the law degree. Fifteen courses had to be taken, and at the end of each year the student was examined in the topics of each of his lectures by the professor giving the course, who had to be satisfied before a further stage could begin. The lectures of the first year were fixed for all, but there was a free choice of subjects in the second and third years. The degree was obtained by success in each and all of the yearly examinations. Especial merit was recognized in something analogous to a class list. Still, the obtaining of a degree was not a student's primary object, but rather to learn English law and leave a high reputation among fellow-students and professors. The lecturer then gave, as a specimen, the fifteen courses taken by a very distinguished student, and remarked that one who had mastered the principles underlying the subjects enumerated in that list began his professional life "with an amount of knowledge rarely possessed by an able student from our universities on his call to the bar."

Young Americans were, he said, alive to the importance of actual success. How, then, comes it, he asked, that they are willing to spend the years from twenty-two or twenty-three to twenty-five or twenty-six in this preparatory professional study? As to this willingness, which must strike Englishmen as "something of a paradox," he gave two points in partial explanation. First, the reputation gained at Harvard for knowledge and dexterous argument promoted a young man's success, quite apart from the degree obtained. This helped him in a way in which no University reputation to be gained here could help a man. In America, where the distinction between barristers and solicitors was unknown, law business was often carried on by great law firms. A highly rated student easily gained admission into the office of one of these firms, and his fame, spread by fellow-students (often practically in the position of English country solicitors), won business for the firm. The case of Lord Bowen, whose unique gifts were so slow in receiving recognition that it seemed at one time as if he would be drawn away from the law to literature, would not have been possible under American conditions. Thus the practical value of a reputation gained in the Law School was one reason why Americans were willing to devote to it three of the best years of their manhood.

The second reason was that the teaching they received exactly met their needs. This teaching, being strictly professional, was also definitely professorial. The lecturer quoted from Prof. Langdell's address on the Harvard Law School, given on the two hundred and fiftieth Founder's Day of Harvard College, and pointed out, as the fundamental conception of the Harvard professorial teaching of the law, the idea that "English Law is a science to be deduced from a limited number of principles which are to be learnt from books." Strict adherence to these principles had given to the Harvard teaching a stamp which was at once scientific (logical) and practical, the whole aim being to explain the principles of English Law. At Harvard they rated low the good to be got by reading in chambers—perhaps they rated it too low—for law was partially a handicraft. The prominence lent by the masters of the Law School to the logical aspect of law could, however, only work for good, since the uses of legal apprenticeship had been vastly overrated. Teaching might be logical and professorial without being in any degree abstract. From abstractness the Harvard professorate were preserved by their pupils' definite professional purpose and by their intense enthusiasm for the Common Law of England, or rather of the English people. Emphatically teachers of English law, they did not illiberally underrate the value of the comparisons between it and other systems. Yet their successful insistence upon the fundamental principles of English Law gave a remarkable color alike to their mode of thought and manner of teaching, in which Roman Law played a subsidiary part only. Prof. Dicey referred to Holmes's 'Common Law,' Langdell's 'Law of Contracts,' Thayer's 'Introduction to the Law of Evidence,' and Prof. Ames's essays in the *Harvard Law Review* as exhibiting speculative powers of no common kind. Yet these writers had not, like some English writers of note, become interested in the theory of English Law from their interest in legal philosophy, but rather had become expounders of the philosophy of law through their intense interest in the Law of England. This he illustrated from Prof. Langdell's book on 'Contracts,' for which the author's immense logical power had been obviously trained and stimulated by study of the Common Law. Upon this study he depended for teaching his pupils to think for themselves. Thayer's 'Introduction,' "the latest and most perfect production of legal speculation sent us from Harvard," was almost oppressive in the weight of its legal learning, and the captious reader might regret time and space given to citing, explaining, or criticising the dicta of judges and others, some of whom had not half the author's intellectual powers, none of whom had explored, as he had, the foundations of the Law of Evidence. Prof. Thayer, had he affected new and unintelligible terms like some philosophic Germans, would be acknowledged to be a great jurist. But "he is immersed in the History of the Common Law," said the speaker, and his subtle power of analysis is likely to be underrated because of his clearly expressed conclusions. His thorough and lawyer-like mastery of the Common Law has forced him to become a master of legal philosophy.

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Some jurists, Sir Henry Maine, say, or Prof. Maitland, had begun with the study of philosophy or of historical problems, and were led on to study the principles of Common Law; but American lawyers, such as Langdell and Thayer, began with the Common Law and were led on till they became masters of the philosophy and history of law.

Attachment to the concrete existing law of England and America, of the English people in fact, determined, the lecturer went on to show, the peculiar form of law teaching at Harvard, which was at once scientific and professional. Actual legal facts as stated in the reports were never lost sight of. Thus generalizations gained a reality sometimes missed by the theories of eminent jurists, and the pupils—though they learned to think—achieved a knowledge of cases "infinitely useful" to a practising lawyer. The grounding of the Harvard teaching on the study of cases was then dwelt upon as its peculiar mark, distinguishing it from all other methods. After a detailed account of one of Prof. Ames's lectures had been given, the peculiar stimulus of the catechetical method employed was dwelt upon. "It is," said Prof. Dicey, "the Socratic method applied to law." The Law of Contracts and the Law of Torts were, he said, obviously well adapted to this method, which had to alternate with dissertation, in a proportion regulated by the nature of the topic in hand. Yet at Harvard the method applied to all branches of the English Law was substantially the same, and a case-book was in every instance required. At this point the fifty volumes of case-books presented by the Harvard faculty of law to the All Souls' Law Library were appreciatively dwelt upon. These books, as used at Harvard, forced students "to learn rather than to let themselves be taught," and gave them a stimulus like that afforded to the novice in chambers when law papers are first placed in his hands and he is required to draft a claim or write an opinion. Moreover, the Harvard method roused and utilized the disputatious instincts of learners. The art of contradiction played a great part in all education.

The masters of the law at Harvard realized, as competent teachers ever did, how a man's true education was bound up rather in what he thought and talked of outside the class-room than in what he heard while in the class-room. Their method absolutely required the pupil to be "perpetually engaged in the examination and discussion of cases." Hence had arisen their law clubs and their moot courts, the system of which was most minutely and vividly described by the lecturer at some length, and to the great entertainment of his audience. Thence, also, the institution of the *Harvard Law Review*, which was in turn carefully and adequately set forth.

Prof. Dicey then asked what lessons for America and for England could be learned from a comparison between the law schools in England and that of Harvard. He dissented from the conclusions of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who deemed that Oxford should go and do likewise, and, by making changes that seemed slight to the outside observer, raise up an institution to rival the Harvard Law School in numbers and in prosperity. No lawyer either in England or America could share this view, if he examined from the inside the law schools of either country. Each could learn from the other, neither could adopt the other's methods directly. Scientific legal education was alike the aim of both; but while the aim of the Harvard Law School was also definitely professional, this was not true of the Oxford and Cambridge Law Schools, which were, and must be, in the main, educational. The stimulus to work at Harvard was professional success, whereas the stimulus to work in the other case was the desire to obtain a place in the class list—a perfectly legitimate aim for youths going through a course of university training. Essential differences such as these could not be overlooked, and necessarily determined the course of instruction pursued in each case. Oxford could as little copy Harvard, maintained Mr. Dicey, as Harvard could copy Oxford, yet the law school of each university might learn much from the other.

As to what Harvard might learn from Oxford, he spoke with diffidence, being conscious of better qualifications for admiring than for criticising the American system. What, however, an observer from abroad might properly remark was that, the educational element of law being inevitably in the forefront of Oxford teaching—the educational and the speculative element, that is—a leaf from the Oxford book might, perhaps, be taken in this regard with profit to the Harvard system, where the practical study of the law of England might also ally itself more intimately and concretely with that of Roman Law. In their comparative inattention to the law of Rome, the Harvard teachers were following, no doubt, an English tradition, but it was one of dubious excellence. Even in a professional school of law a greater encouragement of the comparative method would be appropriate. Furthermore, the tutorial and collegiate system of Oxford had merits not easily attainable in a university without colleges. Also, the catechetical method in use at Harvard required for its fullest usefulness small classes and many professors of eminence. They are at Harvard embarrassed by their very success, and have to face the problem of multiplying their teachers without decreasing their intellectual quality. Here the lecturer spoke feelingly of the welcome extended to him at Harvard as a representative of the English system of tuition, and then turned to consider what Oxford could learn from America.

The first lesson was one of "immense encouragement" to be derived from the demonstration that English Law could be taught by university professors "with almost unlimited success." This teaching, "by a curious paradox," was far older in America than in England, and the condition at Harvard was what might have been in England if Blackstone had been followed by a line of succeeding professors as eminent as himself. The merits of the Harvard catechetical system should also be taken to heart. The most that could be said in candid criticism of this system would be that its effect might be enhanced by supplemental lectures of the kind in use here. The eminent expositors of law and legal theories at Harvard were too admirable as teachers to make us easily submit to their somewhat exclusive practice of catechetics. But this practice was so admirable that some effort should be made here to induce students to perform their part. The difficulties involved in this were descanted upon by the speaker with inimitably telling humor, and then he added that the students themselves ought to find a way to create societies for the formal hearing of legal arguments, although such a scheme brought us close upon the line dividing a professional from an educational school.

Another question, as to the possibility of creating at Oxford a school which should be at once professional and scientific, was then raised. Undergraduates going in for the Jurisprudence School were still in the educational stage, but B.A.'s reading for the B. C. L. examination were in the position of the students of the Harvard Law School entering upon the actual profession of the law. After a passing tribute to Profs. Holland and James Bryce, the able organizers of the admirable Oxford B. C. L. examination, Prof. Dicey called attention to the fact that candidates for the B. C. L. rarely resided at Oxford, and did not form a class to whom post-graduate instruction could be given. He suggested possible changes which might keep in residence "a small but select body of earnest students to read for the B. C. L." Could this be achieved, we should, he declared, have laid the groundwork of a school which might combine with the excellencies of Harvard the special virtues of the Oxford method.

In closing, the speaker dwelt upon the wonderful enthusiasm kindled in the students of the Harvard Law School. The School was greater than the method, and the teachers were greater than the School.

LOUIS DYER.

THE DUKE DECAZES.

PARIS, May 18, 1899.

M. Ernest Daudet, brother of Alphonse Daudet, devotes himself chiefly to historical labors, in the modern field. The family of the Duke Decazes, the minister of the Restoration, has allowed him to use the Duke's papers, and with the help of these inedited documents M. Daudet has been able to publish an interesting work, under the title of 'Louis XVIII. and the Duke Decazes —1815 to 1820.' The documents which he used are preserved at the Château de la Grave, near Libourne, where the first Duke Decazes began to assemble them after he had fallen from power. The great favorite of Louis XVIII. (for Decazes was a favorite as the first Duke de Luynes had been a favorite of Louis XIII.) had intended to write his memoirs; he never realized this intention, and left the papers which he had collected during a period of twenty years to his son, the second Duke, whom we saw Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1873 to 1877.

The jewel of the collection preserved at La Grave is the correspondence of Louis XVIII. with his minister from 1816 to 1822. There are no less than two thousand autograph letters of the King to his minister, which constitute truly a history of the reign, written from day to day, during that period.

"Successively," says M. Daudet, "Minister of Police, Minister of the Interior, President of the Council, Decazes, in order to gain the confidence of the King, thought to keep him acquainted every day with every affair, even the least important. He sent him every morning, in a portfolio of which each of them had a key, the letters and reports which reached him from all sides. After having taken cognizance of them, the King returned them to him, with a letter, sometimes long, sometimes short, in which he exercised his wit without reserve on men and things."

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This explains in a certain way the character of the affection which he felt for Decazes. He had discovered him to be a safe man, spoke to him as to himself, and found in him a very intelligent and sympathetic echo. He sometimes wrote to him three times a day. The King was excessively witty and *mordant;* he felt the necessity of a confidant to whom he could say without danger all the clever things that came across his mind. The character of Louis XVIII. is a very complex one. The part which he played in the years that preceded the Revolution is certainly not to his credit. He was one of the enemies of Marie Antoinette; he was engaged, as Count de Provence, in many intrigues—among others in the conspiracy of the Marquis de Foudras, the true object of which has remained a mystery to this time. When the Revolution broke out, he emigrated. He left a short account of his flight, which was more fortunate than the flight of the unfortunate Louis XVI. to Varennes. The Count de Provence crossed the frontier with D'Avaray, who remained with him during the long years of the emigration, and whom he made Duke d'Avaray when he returned as King of France. On the death of the son of Louis XVI., the Count de Provence assumed the rôle of Pretender. He lived in exile, surrounded by a small court, without taking any part in the great events which changed the face of Europe.

Decazes, who was to become his great favorite, was born in Libourne and educated at Vendôme; he became Secretary of Madame, the mother of the Emperor Napoleon, a place which must have been a sinecure. Madame received every year 480,000 francs from her son, and young Decazes kept her accounts. He became Secretary to King Louis, the brother of Napoleon, when Louis became King of Holland. In 1810 he was named Councillor of the Court of Paris. His relation with the Bonaparte family continued; he was very agreeable and very handsome, and a great favorite of Queen Hortense and of Paulina Borghèse.

During the Hundred Days, he received an order to retire to La Grave. He returned to Paris when Louis XVIII. was on the point of entering the capital. The King was kept at Saint-Denis by Fouché, who wanted him to confide to him the two ministries of the Interior and of the Police. Decazes had an interview with Fouché, and accepted the post of Prefect of Police, whose functions were particularly grave and difficult at the time. The foreign armies occupied Paris, the allied sovereigns were expected, the King was coming back with only the remnant of his guard. The new Prefect of Police undertook to guarantee the security of the sovereigns, to reinstate all the authorities which had been dispersed during the Hundred Days, to send the imperial troops across the Loire, to dissolve the Chambers, composed chiefly of Republicans and of Bonapartists. He had no other force at his command than the National Guard of Paris. He closed the doors of the Palais Bourbon, and succeeded in preserving order in the capital. The King made his entry on the 8th of July, through the Faubourg Saint-Denis. The enthusiasm was universal; the King posed as "a father happy to find himself again among his children."

The cabinet which he chose was formed of Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr, Baron Louis, Pasquier, and Fouché in the Ministry of Police. M. de Vitrolles was Secretary of the Council. Vitrolles and Fouché tried to prevent Decazes from working directly with the King and seeing him. They did not succeed, and as soon as Louis XVIII. saw the new Prefect of Police, he was charmed with his manners, his intelligence, and his moderation. The King was himself very moderate, in comparison with the Count d'Artois, his brother, and the most prominent Legitimists, who had been greatly infuriated by the return of Napoleon and the events which followed it during the Hundred Days. They breathed vengeance, and found a complaisant instrument in Fouché, who was always ready for any sort of work. On the 24th of July, Decazes received from Fouché an order to arrest many people, among them Lavalette, who had been Director-General of the Post-Office, Marshal Ney, Bertrand, Rovigo, Labédoyère, Cambronne, Pajol, and many other officers of the imperial army. The same letter of Fouché's ordered Decazes to expel from Paris fifty-five persons whose presence was supposed to be dangerous; among them were Marshal Soult, Exelmans, Bassano, Carnot, Davoust, Benjamin Constant, Marbot, Réal, Montalivet. These lists were made up by Fouché, who had received full powers from the Council. Decazes, with the approbation of the King, did all that was in his power to help some of these persons to leave France so as not to be arrested. Montalivet was a personal friend of Decazes, who asked the King to strike his name from the list. "If not for my feeble services of the day," said he, "let it be for my future services." "You are a good fellow," said the King; "embrace me," and, laying the ministerial list upon his table, with his own hand he struck off the name of Montalivet.

Decazes also obtained the pardon of Benjamin Constant, who was on the list for proscription. He was not so fortunate with those who were on the first list, and who were to be arrested. Lavalette, Ney, Labédoyère might all have escaped from France: they had been advised on many sides that the order for their arrest had been given. They all remained in France. Ney was arrested in Auvergne.

"When the news came to Paris, the emotion was great in the government. The King said to me, 'Unfortunate man, to allow himself to be arrested. He will do us more harm than he did on the 13th of March by going over to Bonaparte.' This sentiment was shared by the Ministers, by all the enlightened friends of the dynasty and of the constitutional government. A sentiment inspired by the desire of vengeance was dominant in the party which pretended to be the exclusive representative of the monarchy and which demanded scaffolds. I had," continues Decazes, "on my arrival at the Prefecture and the Conciergerie, a conversation with Ney, in which he spoke to me with a sort of effusion, saying with what a desire to do his duty he had left the King, and how afterwards, fascinated by the memory of so much common glory, and carried away by his troops, he had forgotten his oath and the flag which, in too energetic terms, he had sworn to defend."

Ney had said to Louis XVIII. that he would bring him back Napoleon in an iron cage. The King did not desire the death of Ney. Reminding Decazes of the words, "I will bring him back in an iron cage," he added: "He left my room faithful to me; he had the intention to be so to the end. But the situation was stronger than his soul." Ney's execution was a very great error. The pathetic drama of his trial before the House of Peers and of his death in the garden of the Luxembourg made an immense impression not only in France, but in Europe. The ultra-royalist party felt triumphant and began its campaign against the moderate royalist party. Fouché, who had never been liked or respected by the King, and had been imposed on him by the Allies and by Talleyrand, was dismissed after the general elections. After him, came Talleyrand's turn; he was replaced by the Duke de Richelieu, who, fortunately, was a man of noble character and of moderate views. Louis XVIII. pressed Decazes to accept the Ministry of Police in the Duke de Richelieu's cabinet.

The fragments of the memoirs of Decazes given by M. Daudet come, unfortunately, to an end when Decazes entered the cabinet. To follow him afterwards, Daudet found only notes, but these have much interest. The Chamber of 1816 has been styled the *Chambre introuvable;* it was ultra-royalist. Decazes was in constant fear of its imprudence and its violence. "The ultras did constant violence to the generous intentions of Louis XVIII.; they obliged him to proscribe, notwithstanding the testament of Louis XVI., the judges of Louis XVI." Every incident became a weapon in their hands. When the Chamber heard of the escape of Lavalette, it fell into a great rage. "Louis XVIII. had predicted it. On the news of the escape, he said to me: 'You will see that they will say that we helped him.'" The ultra-royalist majority of the Chamber had for its irresponsible leader the King's own brother, the Count d'Artois, and the Count d'Artois had with him the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Duke d'Angoulême, and the Duke de Berry. The opposition which the King met in his own family and in the court was the great calamity of his reign and a source of perpetual disquietude to him. Decazes was his confidant. The King foresaw the dangers of the monarchy when the royal power should pass from his hands into those of his brother. By degrees, he succeeded in winning over to his views the Duke d'Angoulême, but the Duke was a very ordinary man and did not have much influence.

M. Daudet's volume is a long account of the intrigues of the Count d'Artois and of his partisans, of the divisions of the monarchical party, of the perpetual attempts made by the ultras against the liberties of the people and against the Constitution. The ultras stopped at nothing—they even tried to use the influence of the foreign sovereigns in favor of their views; but in this they never succeeded. Decazes advised the King to dissolve the Chamber; the King took his advice, which was also that of the Duke de Richelieu. The *Chambre introuvable* was dissolved on the 5th of September, 1816, after having done as much harm as could be done in a short time. In the rest of his volume, M. Daudet gives a very interesting account of the struggles of Decazes with his political adversaries, with Chateaubriand, with Talleyrand, who could not console themselves for not being in the cabinet and in the King's favor. Decazes, who had become the daily adviser and friend of the King, remained in power till 1820, when the Duke de Berry was assassinated. This event gave his enemies an occasion for hurling him from power. Chateaubriand dared to write: "Les pieds lui ont glissé dans le sang." The cry of the extreme Royalists against him was so loud that, much to his regret, Louis XVIII. had to sacrifice him. A new cabinet was formed, and Decazes retired for a time to La Grave.

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Correspondence.

"YOU-ALL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 25, I notice a letter from Matthew F. Steele of St. Paul, discussing the use of "you-all" and "you-uns" in the South. I had not seen the review which called out the letter, but, having read it now, I beg to answer the question with which it ends, and to question the answer given by Mr. Steele.

It is an odd fact that different observers, in all good faith, so often reach different conclusions in regard to the same things, but I have studied the question of "you-all" and "you-uns" so carefully that I cannot help feeling sure of my own accuracy. Mr. Steele may never have heard an educated person use "you-all" in the singular, but I have heard it constantly in the every-day speech of cultivated people who would not have used it in formal conversation or in writing. Exceptionally precise people might never use it in any case, but in the ordinary give-and-take of greeting and gossip it is as characteristic as the accent of the South.

Mr. Steele states that when a Southerner says, "How are you-all this morning?" he means, "How are you and your wife and children?" But suppose there is only one of you? In my experience the greeting would still be the same, even among educated people, and, when it comes to the uneducated, I cannot see in what part of the South Mr. Steele has lived that he has not heard either "you-all" or "you-uns," in the singular, in constant use. "Go 'way, you-all's in my road," a cross cook will warn you when you go into her kitchen, even though you are not attended by your wife and family, and a negro or a poor white will scarcely speak a sentence without intensifying and broadening the sweep of his "you's," when there can be no question that he is addressing one person alone. "You-all's hat" and "you-all's coat" are not usually common property.

It is true that I was not born in the region where "you-all" is in use, but perhaps I have not been a worse observer on that account. The expression rang oddly in my ears when I first heard it; I expected to make use of it in writing, and I watched carefully in order to be accurate. As for "you-uns," I have been familiar with it always. It is seldom or never heard in that part of the South where "you-all" prevails, and, as Mr. Steele suggests, it is distinctively a "Cracker" expression. It is never used by cultivated people, no matter how carelessly they speak, but it may be heard among the "Crackers" and their brethren—that is, among the illiterate whites of almost pure English descent—all the way from Florida, through Georgia and the mountain regions of the Carolinas and Tennessee, to Kentucky, Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, Missouri, and as much farther as the emigration of poor whites toward the Northwest, in the days of slavery, chanced to carry it. I have heard it in California, where it has been familiar since '49, and I would risk a good deal on the chance of hearing it to-day in the Klondike, after a little patient search. It is being educated out of use, though; except in isolated, primitive regions like the Tennessee and Carolina mountains, where Miss Murfree heard it and recorded it for all time.

And now there is a question which I should like to ask. Where do the two expressions come from? "You-uns," as I have already said, is heard among people of pure English descent who use many archaic expressions dating back to Shakspere and the earlier English writers; but has any one ever seen "you-uns" in early English? "You-all," I am inclined to think, has come in with the French influence spreading from New Orleans and the Huguenot settlements in the Carolinas; but I am not certain, for it is used in Virginia, too, and I should like to know.—Respectfully yours,

MARY TRACY EARLE.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, Mr. Matthews, is correct in regard to "you-all" and "we-all," and correct also in his surmise as to "you-uns." "We-uns" and "you-uns" are confined to the descendants of those English emigrants who drifted south from Pennsylvania, through the valley of the Cumberland, to the western slope of the Blue Ridge. They are to be found in Miss Murfree's mountain country, and in northern Alabama. On the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge and in the Piedmont region the locutions are seldom heard. But those who use them never make the mistake of applying them to one person. All forms of real dialect are amenable to a grammatical construction of their own, from which there is no haphazard variation.

I saw somewhere, not long ago, a discussion of "so long," the phrase of farewell, which, preserved by the negroes, has had a revival in all parts of the country. Is it not a survival of Shakspere's "Sola"? It certainly is, if "Sola" itself originated from "So? la!" as thus: "Well, I must be going." "So? la!" an expression combining regret, surprise, and farewell. J. C. H.

ATLANTA, GA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that no educated Southerner ever uses "you-all" as applied to one person. On the other hand, I think it is perfectly possible that the illiterate, particularly the negroes, may use "you-all" for both singular and plural. From Mrs. Louise-Clarke Pyrnelle's charming and pathetic little story of 'Diddie, Dumps and Tot,' which, by the way, I would recommend to all our Northern friends who would like to know something of the old Southern plantation child-life, I think I can cite an instance of its use in the singular. Daddy Jake is telling the children how the peafowl came to have "eyes" on his tail: "Well, yer see, de owl one time wuz in his kitchen er cookin' uv his dinner, wen hyear come de peafowl er struttin' by." The owl wishes to "take him down," so he calls out:

> "Whooo cooks fur you-oo-a?
> Whooo cooks fur you-oo-a?
> I cooks fur my folks,
> But who cooks fur y'all-ll-l?"

Daddy Jake continues: "Now he jes done dat out'n pyo' sass'ness, caze he knowed de peafowl felt hiss'f 'bove cookin'."

The whole context here seems to indicate that "you-all" is intended to apply individually to the peafowl, and not to him and his "fo'ks."

It may be of interest to state that, while in this neighborhood "you-all" is used by both the educated and the uneducated, the latter more commonly say "all-you," with the possessive adjective "all-your." So also "all-we"; but I don't remember to have ever heard "all-our." I well recollect how I was struck with the novelty of these expressions when, some years ago, I moved to this place from lower Maryland, where the negroes and "poor white trash" say "we-dem" and "you-dem."

I am puzzled to know the origin of this enclitic particle *-dem;* whether it is the third person plural *dem* for *them*, or whether it might not have been started by some stripling who, coming home from college and wishing to show off his Latin, began jocularly to tack on to his pronouns the strengthening particle *dem* of *idem* (=*is-dem*). This would be probable only in case "we-dem" and "you-dem" should prove to be localisms. Whatever may be the origin of this *dem*, it is a curious illustration of what seems to be a psychological want felt by some peoples for a particle to strengthen the pronouns of the first and second persons plural. This may be seen in the Spanish *nosotros* and *vosotros* (literally, *we others* and *you others*), and to some extent in French when *nous* and *vous* are followed by a noun in apposition. For instance: *nous autres modernes, vous autres Français.*

I should like to hear from some of your correspondents as to whether "we-dem" and "you-dem" are current elsewhere in the South.—Respectfully,

SAMUEL GARNER.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., May 28, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The present writer is a diligent student of the mother tongue, both as "she is spoke and wrote," and looks into every new species of colloquialism, dialect, and patois that comes under his eye. Situated as he is, surrounded by darkies of high and low degree, and in occasional touch with the "Cracker," he is conversant with many of our linguistic oddities that charm or madden the ear.

"You-all" is used by people of the utmost refinement. In truth, I venture there is not an infallible exception in our Sunny Land. As for myself, I contend for its recognition and establishment as good form, on the ground of its precision, distinguishing unmistakably the "you" of an-addressed individual and the "you" of addressed collectiveness. The suffixing of "all" saves separate inquiries after "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," while it takes sufficient cognizance of them. There is a novel called 'At You-All's House,' I think. This possessive use is confined to children, white and black, refined or otherwise. If used by adults with much frequency, I have not noticed it.

I make an acknowledgment of guilt. My own rapidity of speech (and this is a common failing with many of us, due, maybe, to our Gallic strain) leads me often into saying "yawl," or something near akin thereto. This is execrable, I know, and cannot be shrived away by even the editor of the Dictionary of Americanisms as confessor.

As for "you-uns," it is in use only among the most isolated rural illiteracy, and with us scarcely heard. It is said to be extant in the mountain settlements of the Blue Ridge States.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN MILTON DABNEY.

MATHERVILLE, MISS.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The answer to your question as to the strict meaning of "you-all" given in your issue of May 25 being the reverse of what I expected, and further, the expression "you-uns" being entirely repudiated, I send you illustrations of these peculiar forms which may be of service.

While on duty with Burnside's Ninth Army Corps, in East Tennessee, in 1863, I found among the many peculiarities of native speech "you-uns" and "we-uns." Upon coming East and joining the Army of the Potomac, in service in Virginia, I heard instead of "you-uns" the vernacular "you-all." In a desperate charge against the field defences of the Fifth Corps, at Bethesda Church, the Confederate line crossed a broad, open clearing without firing a shot, arms at "right shoulder shift," in a style that compelled the applause of their enemies. Exhausted by the distance and pace, to say nothing of the adverse fire, they entered our lines only as prisoners. As one of their officers was hurried over the parapet with, "Come along, Johnny!" he burst out indignantly: "What you-alls call we-uns Johnny fo'?" This plural would seem to imply a singular "you-all."

While the Ninth Corps lay at Burkesville, after Lee's surrender, a delegation of neighboring farmers came to the headquarters of the Second Division, where the spokesman addressed General Griffin: "Giner'l, we jest come down, suh, to see if you'd be kyind enough to fu'nish us with a guyah'd, suh; you-all's men are treatin' we-uns ridik'lus, suh, ridik'lus!" Here is the possessive noted by your correspondent. Possibly this gentleman may rate the East Tennesseeans as "Crackers," in which case their use of "we-uns" proves nothing. S. W.

A COUNTRY POLICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The lawless condition of the outlying districts of our country, as exemplified not only in the Georgia lynchings and accompanying atrocities, and the Idaho riots, but also in the daily life of most of the small villages and towns everywhere, seems to call for some more effective reprisal against the offenders than the existing laws of the various States now offer. With these offences in mind, one cannot help instinctively turning to the splendid material, some resting on their laurels, others actively engaged, regulating the conduct of the citizens of our new possessions.

Through the testimony of eye-witnesses, we undoubtedly have in the volunteer in the Philippines and in Cuba as good a subject for a national police as any country can offer. His native common sense, intimate appreciation and support of a system which he thinks he is perfecting by his coöperation, once he believes in the honest purpose and conduct of the system, make him too valuable a trained public servant to allow his splendid force to dissipate through inactivity. Our various States, inasmuch as it cannot without constitutional changes be made national, should not lose the opportunity of turning a part at least of this material into a means for a broader and more effective policing of the country. The picture of two mounted police recruited from the kind of men who composed the "Rough-Riders" patrolling the unprotected districts of the country, is in itself suggestive of an air of security that would bring relief to every peaceful citizen, while the concentrated stand of a few determined men of this kind against a body of lynchers would awaken enthusiasm abroad and undoubtedly act as a most effectual deterrent.

Looking from the window of a house in New England, the writer has seen seven or eight lazy, unlicensed tramps lined up along a convenient fence, waiting for supper-time, in order more effectually to exploit the place for an evening meal. And what counterforce did the laws of the State offer? Nothing except the conditional services of a shiftless, cowardly sheriff or his drunken assistant. Naturally, having intimidated the inhabitants into supplying a good meal, the miscreants turned up at the lockup and were provided with a night's accommodation; the brave Falstaff pocketing his fee for each one.

With a State police formed out of the very material which now forms, perhaps, part of its disreputable element, we might at least draw some tangible good for home defence and add a saving grace to our war of aggression.—Yours truly,

EDWARD BROOKS.

STUDLAND, WAREHAM, ENGLAND, May 23, 1899.

THE PROOF-READER AT LARGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The errors in modern printed books are at times curiously like those that are to be met with in ancient written ones. Suppose that one has been worrying over a multifariously garbled text of a Greek author, and takes up for diversion that most modern book, Mr. Kipling's 'The Day's Work.' It is with a certain melancholy pleasure that he notes at p. 323 the obvious error *"We'll* lay by till day" (for *"we* lay," etc.), followed four lines below by "she'll be fillin' aft" with the "'ll" rightly placed. In the lines entitled "To the True Romance," as printed in the Messrs. Appleton's edition of 'Many Inventions,' and also in their edition of 'The Seven Seas,' the words "Beyond the bounds our *staring* rounds" are fairly meaningless to me. Has the form "starring" (meaning the solar system) been robbed of a "gemination" and a hyphen?

As I am on the subject of Mr. Kipling's text, I venture to call attention to a delectable version of "The Last Chantey" in Mr. Stedman's 'Victorian Anthology.' "Ho, the ringer and right whale, And the fish *were* [for "we"] struck for sale"-is, perhaps, not very serious. But what shall we say to *"Stringing* ringing *spendthrift* and the fulmar flying free"? I am reminded of an edition of Shelley in which we read in "The Cloud"; "And wherever the *heat* of her unseen feet"; which a friend of mine capped from another edition with "may have broken the woof Of my tent's *tin* roof."

I am, sir, very truly yours,

MORTIMER LAMSON EARLE.

BARNARD COLLEGE, June 3, 1899.

Notes.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, have taken over from the dissolved firm of Lamson, Wolffe & Co. four books of verse by Bliss Carman, including 'Low Tide at Grandpré' and 'Behind the Arras,' which are now out of print, but will be immediately reissued. They announce further 'The Pedagogues,' a novel by a new writer, Arthur Stanwood Pier, who has found a subject for study in the Harvard Summer School.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish in the early autumn 'Famous Homes of Old England and their Stories,' edited by A. H. Malan, with nearly 200 illustrations (mostly full-page, royal octavo) for the twelve homes selected. Several of the writers are women.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford, will publish at once the second series of Dr. Edward Moore's 'Studies in Dante,' and ere long a large-type reprint of the 'Divina Commedia' from Dr. Moore's "Oxford Dante."

'Landmarks in English Industrial History,' by George Townsend Warner; 'A Source-Book of American History,' by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard; and 'Man, Past and Present,' by Prof. A. H. Keene, are soon to appear with Macmillan's imprint.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, announce 'Kate Field: A Record,' by Miss Lilian Whiting.

Among seasonable reprints are two volumes of travel by Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd, 'Cathedral Days: A Tour in Southern England,' and 'In and Out of Three Normandy Inns,' both illustrated, and now published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; the first being in its second decade of popularity.

Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Myth, Ritual, and Religion' (Longmans) passes to a new edition, in two volumes, that it may form part of the publishers' "Silver Library," and also because it has been long out of print. In the meantime has appeared the author's 'Making of Religion,' to which, as embodying his maturer thought, the earlier work is made to conform by excision and rewriting; but his main thesis he still adheres to. Some controversial matter has been stricken out, but more has been introduced in the new preface, nearly half of which is given to a discussion of the God Ahone, as "evidence for an early pre-Christian belief in a primal Creator, held by the Indian tribes from Plymouth . . . to Roanoake Island . . ." Here Mr. Lang stands by William Strachey, gent., though "a manifest plagiary" who made insertion in the work of "a detected liar," to wit, Capt. John Smith.

From Macmillan we have volumes iii. and iv. of the commendable "Eversley Edition" of Shakspere presided over by Prof. C. H. Herford, with historical and critical introductions and footnotes.

The work of many hands is 'Republic or Empire? The Philippine Question' (Chicago: The Independence Co.). Mr. Bryan and Mr. Carnegie, ex-Senator Edmunds and Senator Hoar, President Jordan and Carl Schurz, Samuel Gompers and Charles Francis Adams, are some of the public characters whose expressions against throwing our patrimony to the dogs are here grouped, with portrait and other illustrations. Both the Bacon and the McEnery resolutions are printed in the publishers' preface; and the volume forms a very convenient repository of arguments which leave little to be said on the burning question of the hour. The honor of being represented here will, in time to come, make brighter not a few reputations which have suffered in other connections.

A collaboration in the proper sense has produced the two-volume 'Life of Gladstone,' edited by Sir Wemyss Reid (London: Cassell; New York: Putnams). The laboring oar has been assigned to Mr. F. W.

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Hirst, for the political narrative; Canon MacColl presents Gladstone the Theologian; his oratory is estimated by Mr. H. W. Lucy, and so on. There are numerous illustrations of varied quality; many curious. Here, for instance, is Leech's Lord John Russell chalking his No Popery on Wiseman's door and running away. For reference this work, which is continuously paged, is to be prized, especially as it is indexed.

We have been slow to notice the sumptuous yet admirably refined and enjoyable edition, in the original Spanish, of 'Don Quixote de la Mancha,' of which vol. i., comprising the First Part, with notes and an introduction by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly and John Ormsby, also in Spanish, has appeared from the press of David Nutt, London (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). We reserve until the appearance of the concluding volume more extended notice of this welcome work, whose significance is due largely to a judicious collation of the text with that of the earliest editions.

We have from the Macmillan Co. a translation of Dr. Anton Menger's work on 'The Right to the Whole Produce of Labor,' by M. E. Tanner, with an introduction by Prof. H. S. Foxwell. This treatise is too well known to students of economics to need description, and it is enough to say that it is essentially an historical and critical examination of Socialism. Prof. Foxwell's introduction is very long, being devoted to an account of the English socialistic writers, and he adds an equally long appendix containing a bibliography of this school.

The Philadelphia Free Library of Economics and Political Science publishes a 'Handbook of Labor Literature,' compiled by Helen Marot. While there may be some advantage in classifying this literature, the attempt to characterize a book in a dozen words is not likely to produce satisfactory results, and in this case we observe that some of these characterizations are altogether incorrect. Such a handbook is really nothing more than an index, inferior in most respects to the library catalogues.

The well-known publishing-house of F. Bruckmann in Munich has just issued a work entitled 'Das litterarische München,' by Dr. Paul Heyse. It consists of portraits with brief biographical sketches of twenty-five of the most prominent literary men now residing in the Bavarian capital. The portraits are drawn from life by Paul Heyse, who wields the artist's pencil with the same skill as the poet's pen, and are admirably reproduced in the exact size of the original drawings. All are of Germans except our countryman E. P. Evans and the Norwegian Björnson. It is to be regretted that Paul Heyse, who is by far the most distinguished representative of "Literary Munich" at the present time, was too modest to include his own portrait, which ought to have figured as a frontispiece.

Prof. Dr. Julius Dieffenbacher's 'Deutsches Leben im 12. Jahrhundert' (Leipzig: Göschen) is a succinct description of the public and private life of the Germans in the twelfth century, embracing social intercourse, domestic affairs, courts of justice, castles, cities, methods of furnishing, heating, and lighting rooms, military organization, navigation, hunting and other sports, festivities, forms of salutation, superstitions, etc. The contents of the little volume, with its thirty illustrations in the text, serve to elucidate the two great epic poems of that period, the 'Nibelungenlied' and 'Gudrun,' and explain many things which might puzzle the ordinary reader.

The account of Kamtchatka by Mr. G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for May, is noteworthy for the condensed history of the exploration of this land lying "at the back of godspeed," and the bibliography of works and articles upon it. A region "still in all the violent activity of a vigorous volcanic youth," and where fog and storm reign almost perpetually, Kamtchatka is attractive only to the naturalist and to the anthropologist; to the former, largely because of the intermingling of Arctic with southern forms. "The weird drawling cry of the Arctic fox and the tapping of woodpeckers salute the ear in strange incongruity, while the reindeer browses contentedly in a country which supports cattle and wild sheep." The natives, as a separate race, whose "mild and primitive habits and strange dwellings are of the highest interest," are fast passing away "under the combined influence of intermarriage with the Russians, of drink and disease." The best part of the peninsula is the middle region, "a land of fish and fowl in abundance, of bears and berries, and richly furred sables, of birch and larch woods, of peaceful, well-watered meadows, and hot springs overshadowed by awe-inspiring live volcanoes; a land full of romance and variety, where every nook and rock and corner is peopled each by its own presiding spirit in the imagination of the simple Kamtchadale aborigines." Some attractive illustrations and a map accompany the article.

Recent numbers of the *Times of India* contain an interesting series of articles on a journey in western Thibet. This country is not a desert waste, but a land of superb Alpine scenery, crowned with mountains of eternal snow, studded with beautiful green valleys, and abounding in monuments of Buddhist antiquity. The town of Leh on the Upper Indus is a veritable Babel of high Asia. Here the caravans from China and Russian Turkestan meet those from Bokhara and the Punjab and effect the exchanges of a large and prosperous trade. The Thibetans are interesting for many things: two very palpable facts are that they almost never bathe, and that polyandry prevails among them. The polyandry is of the same kind as that which is so notable in the 'Maha-bharata,' to wit, the woman is married to three or four husbands; but those husbands are brothers or near of kin, and a single one among them acts as the real head of the family. One of the principal objects of this journey was the investigation of the famous Himalayan 'Life of Christ,' about which so much was said a few years ago. Careful inquiries of the abbot of Himis, the principal monastery of western Thibet, proved that the alleged "discovery" of Notovitch was naught else than an impudent forgery. Further particulars may be found in the number for April 1, page 292.

'Aboriginal Carvings of Port Jackson and Broken Bay,' by W. D. Campbell, forms No. 1 of the Ethnological series of Memoirs of the Geological Survey of New South Wales. It treats of the rock-carvings and cave-drawings which abound in the coastal districts north and south of Sydney. The numerous bays and creeks among wooded hills in this neighborhood provided unusual facilities for the sustenance and development of the aboriginal population, while the intricate waterways afforded protection and a means of communication. The tribes became numerous and powerful, individually robust and of large stature, and their leisure evidently enabled them to devote themselves to ceremonies and amusements. The surfaces of soft, fine-grained sandstone were extensively availed of by them for the depiction of animals and fish, weapons, deities, ghosts, and dances, and picture-stories of combats and incidents of the chase. It is remarkable that while so little attention was paid to habitations or personal comfort, so much labor should have been devoted to cutting these figures, sometimes sixty feet long, in the solid rock. The localities selected for these carvings include the tops of cliffs, the table-lands, which are here about 700 feet in height, and the ridges of hills along which the natives travelled. The caves and rock-shelters ("Gibber Gunyas") were utilized for drawings in charcoal, red ochre, and other substances. The evidence thus far collected is insufficient to fix the age of either drawings or carvings, although many of them were probably made centuries ago. Much of their meaning, too, has been lost with the rapid disappearance of the natives, as no attempt was made in the early years of settlement to put on record the folklore of these races. The memoir is illustrated by twenty-nine photolithographs, and a map of Cumberland County, showing the locality of the carvings.

In the last issue (vol. vi., No. 1) of *Euphorion*, Hedwig Wagner establishes interesting relations between the poems of Tasso and the Norse heroic legends. Tasso's long sojourn in Northern Italy, whose aristocratic families prided themselves on their Germanic descent, and his early familiarity with the historians of Germanic races, seem to have awakened in him a sympathetic interest in the heroes and heroines of the barbarous peoples of the North. It was this partiality, according to the writer, which led the poet of the 'Gerusalemme' to endow two of his finest characters, Sueno (*che porta Lo spavento negli occhi e in man la morte*) and Clorinda, with traits borrowed from historical and mythical beings in the 'Historia Danica' of Saxo Grammaticus.

It was a graceful act on the part of the Royal Geographical Society, and one which will contribute to prolong the "era of good feeling" between France and England, to confer its highest honors for this year on Frenchmen. The founder's medal is given to Capt. Binger for his explorations in 1887-'89 in the region included in the great bend of the Niger. The significance of the choice is heightened by the fact that he endeavored to extend the French control over territory claimed by the English. M. Foureau, well known for his extensive travels in the Sahara during the past twelve years, receives the patron's medal. The only Frenchmen who previously to this time have received these honors are M. François Garnier, the traveller in Indo-China, and M. E. Reclus, the famous geographer.

The *Tour du Monde* announces the gift by a person, who desires to remain unknown, of five travelling scholarships for students, to be awarded by the Council of the University of Paris. To each successful competitor will be given $3,000 for the actual expenses of his journey, $100 to buy the books essential for a preparatory study of the route to

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be followed, and a further sum of $200 for the purchase of souvenirs of the journey. The total amount of the gift is $16,500.

—In *Scribner's* for June, Theodore Roosevelt brings his "Rough Riders" to an end. It is a minute account of the doings of his regiment, and suffers from having been anticipated by the newspapers. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that he has avoided printing much that would have lent interest to his narrative. For instance, his account of the proceedings which led to the recall of the regiment from Cuba is extremely tame; we almost get the impression that "round robins" to generals, and letters from officers in the field demanding the recall of troops, are commonplace matters, such as are constantly met with in military literature from Cæsar to Jomini. The most interesting literary paper in the number is again the instalment of Stevenson's letters, which this time come from Davos-Platz in the Grisons. His letters often contain characteristic criticism of books, written *currente calamo*. For Zola (he was very fond of French) he says, "I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted. I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the smallpox—or the great one; diseased anyway, and black-hearted and fundamentally at enmity with joy." The mock-Horatian ode to G. Dew-Smith contains some good verses.

> "Me, whether evil fate assault,
> Or smiling providences crown—
> Whether on high the eternal vault,
> Be blue, or crash with thunder down—

with the classical anti-climax that follows, could hardly be improved.

—Among the illustrated articles in *Harper's*, perhaps the most readable is Dr. Henry Smith Williams's "The Century's Progress in Scientific Medicine"—one of a series to which we have referred before. We are still accustomed to contrast our happy therapeutics with those of Sangrado or the Chinese system; but we need not go so far either in time or space. The marvellous progress made in our own practice in a hundred years is quite enough. In running through the list of discoveries described by Dr. Smith, one is equally surprised at those which, it would seem, ought to have been known from the earliest ages, and those which are so recondite as to have rendered discovery impossible except at a late scientific period. That our fathers and mothers should not have been able to see through solid matter, or their physicians to detect bullets imbedded in their bones, seems natural enough; perhaps more natural than that we should be able to see our own skeletons. But that the procedure of "tapping the chest of a patient to elicit sounds," indicative of the condition of the interior, should have waited for discovery till the time of Napoleon, is hard to credit; when introduced, we are told, the profession was not easily convinced of its value. Auscultation and the stethoscope followed. Again, why should the pain-dispelling power of the vapor of sulphuric ether have remained unguessed, or at any rate unused, till the middle of this century? Antisepsis in surgery, too, sounds now like something that might have been hit upon at least before 1860, though we should not like to undertake to prove it. Of course any one can understand that bacteria and bacilli were not to be seen behind every bush, and here we get into regions where the reader begins to lose his grasp of popularized medicine. We seem to be on the eve of discoveries which might revolutionize not merely therapeutics, but life itself. In view of the magical revelations of the last hundred years, nothing is any longer incredible, and the elimination of disease altogether suggests itself as the goal to be kept in view.

—The *Century* has an instructive and curious article on "The Tramp and the Railroads," by Josiah Flynt, who made the subject his own some years ago. In his view the tramp nuisance was, upon its introduction into this country—those whose memories go back forty years can recall a time when the word and the creature represented by it were both almost unknown in the United States—fostered by the loose discipline of the railroads. In other countries the tramp had had to travel by the help of his own legs, on the hard high road. He found here a country where not only were people permitted to walk along the railroad track, but good-natured brakemen and conductors were rather amused at "stolen rides," and apparently had no orders to prevent them. Consequently, the tramp rode instead of walking, and in a few years this country was the paradise of tramps. A vagrant could make his way without difficulty in a "side-door Pullman" from New York to San Francisco, or from Portland to New Orleans, living on the country, and, at the worst, ejected from one train only to take the next. Tramps are, according to Mr. Flynt, "discouraged criminals," and for discouraged criminals the railroad system of the country as it then was, offered something hitherto undreamt of—a locomotive haven of refuge. So the railroads multiplied the tramps, and rendered the general work of policing the country more difficult; tramps readily turning into criminals, and criminals back again into tramps, as opportunity offered and occasion required. But now a change has come. The railroads have begun to police their lines. They object to giving discouraged criminals free transportation, and, with the co-operation of the local authorities along the line, have begun to "corral" them; and hand them over to the authorities. Mr. Flynt has been invited by one line operating two thousand miles to inspect its system, and he pronounces it very good. Thus time brings about its revenges, and it begins to look as if the United States of the next generation might be, if not free from tramps, at least policed against them. But the railroads cannot do the whole work. What they do must be supplemented by a good country police, such as exists all over Europe.

—The *Atlantic* has an article on Robert and Elizabeth Browning, by Harriet Waters Preston, who complains of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's Life of the poet as being "neither a very thorough nor a very pleasing performance." The critic points out that it was by an accident of "astrological moment" that Browning was born outside the pale of the Established Church, and thinks that a similarity of early traditions had much to do with "the instinctive and complete comprehension of each other's mental processes which the Brownings always evinced." As to immediate heredity in the case of the poetess we are left more in doubt, for her mother "seems to have left no trace whatever upon her daughter's mind," while her father was a "degenerate." Properly speaking, neither Browning nor his wife "had any regular mental training"; Browning having had a little schooling in childhood, and some French, but "little beside." For one year he was a member of the London University, and was "well instructed in music, for which he had a great natural gift." He was a self-made poet, and so was she; and it is idle to generalize about them, for there will be no more such. One was a master of "the divination of individual human character as an organic whole"; the other was Mrs. Browning. We may "thank Heaven there will be no more Aurora Leighs," and even recognize an "hysterical note" that jars in her poetry as a certain other note—shall we say that of barbarism?—jars in his. But in the end we see that they must remain for ever among the *âmes d'élite* of the nineteenth century—"true minds" actually married. "The Outlook in Cuba" is a paper by Herbert Pelham Williams, whose trouble is that he has Destiny on the brain, though he writes as if he knew more or less about the island. The true mark of the Destinarian is that he does not reason or argue about what it is best to do, but lifts up his voice and predicts. "We shall stay and take care of our own, and thus, by imperceptible stages, the present situation will glide into permanent control." Of course, there is an historical idea at the basis of this—we always have stayed in other cases; *ergo*, we shall stay in this case. But, stated in this way, the argument seems to have no attraction for the Destinarian, perhaps because he sees the opening which is given to the logical anti-annexationist to say, But this case is wholly different from the others. At any rate, he never discusses; as a prophet and the son of a prophet, he is above discussion. He describes and foretells. The Cubans, by the way, he describes as mainly liars, which, if true, cannot be considered as an argument in favor of their being taken into the United States. Liars should, we suppose, be "permanently controlled"—this is part of the white man's burden—but not naturalized. "Swapping lies" used to be considered good sport in the West, but the Cubans do not swap lies in the right way. They lie in a poor, slavish, inferior, Dago way, and not like free-born American liars. All Cubans, it seems, further, have "villanous faces," but good manners.

—The Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College has recently published, through Macmillan, under the editorship of Dr. Maddison, a new edition of its useful handbook for graduates, first published in 1896. The revised edition is entitled 'Handbook of British, Continental, and Canadian Universities,' which is a modification of the original title, due to the fact that, since practically all European universities and colleges are now open to women, the information collected is of equal value to men. Students intending to work at a foreign university will find here many useful facts as to expenses, etc., that are not included in the 'Minerva Jahrbuch.' There has been a decided advance, in the last two or three years, in the extension of privileges to women studying in Continental universities. In the case of German universities, however, the permission is usually restricted by the phrase "in special cases"; at some universities, *e. g.*, Strassburg, only "exceptional cases" are admitted, while at Halle a protest has been lodged by the doctors and

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students attached to the hospitals against the action of the medical faculty in admitting women to the courses in medicine. It is to be regretted that, though even Berlin has recently admitted a woman to the doctor's degree in the philosophical faculty, Trinity College, Dublin, which is renowned for the quality of its teaching, still maintains its cautious conservatism. The reorganization of higher education in France receives, of course, special attention in the 'Handbook,' and it is noted that the recent arbitrary Russianizing of Finland may affect the position of women, hitherto unrestricted in Finnish universities; Russia, as is well known, having closed all its universities to women. The 'Handbook' is well and clearly arranged, and is encouraging reading for the friends of women's education; it should be of interest to many outside the field of regular student life. In not a few cases, the individual caprice of a Minister of Education or a professor can still exclude women; in more, they have no rights, and must put up with privileges, but the field of opportunity that now lies open is wide, and the fact that this 'Handbook' is no longer for the use of women only is an encouraging omen of the time when the question of "women's education," together with certain other "women's interests," will cease to have a separate and hence somewhat invidious existence.

—The Germans have, by the establishment of "Arbeiterkolonien," which offer to every man in need a temporary home and the opportunity to work for average wages, done much to counteract the evils of the tramp system, and especially to draw a line between the worthy and the unworthy poor. The central committee of these colonies, at a recent meeting held in Berlin, reported that there were now thirty-two such establishments scattered over the country, all managed by private societies and without Government aid; the majority under religious organizations. The city of Berlin has two colonies, and nearly every one of the Prussian provinces, as also the other larger political divisions of the Empire, such as Baden, Würtemberg, Bavaria, etc.; the only exception being Mecklenburg. The largest is that at Wilhelmsdorf, near Barmen, under the leadership of the indefatigable Pastor von Bodelschwingh, who has about two dozen institutions of various kinds for the benefit of the poor and the needy under his control, with an income of one and a half million marks per annum, although there is not a cent of endowment. The number of working places in these 32 colonies is about 3,500, and up to the present time 105,000 colonists have been received. During the year 1898, the number admitted was 8,935. The applications have decreased in number during the present season, which is accepted as an indication that times have improved in Germany. These colonies are not for profit, but for the good of the poor, and it has been computed that each colonist costs 20 pfennigs a day in addition to what the colony gets from his labors, and that the 105,000 colonists have cost the friends of the cause an additional 8,100,000 marks. But as these men, if they had been allowed to tramp their way and beg, would have cost society at least 18,000,000 marks, there has been a financial saving of about 10,000,000. These figures were furnished at the Berlin meeting.

NEW LIGHT ON RUSKIN.

Ruskin; Rossetti; Preraphaelitism. Papers 1854 to 1862. Arranged and edited by William Michael Rossetti. With illustrations. London: George Allen; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

Mr. William M. Rossetti has again dipped into the store of materials in his hands, and they have proved ample for the furnishing forth of another entertaining and valuable volume concerning his brother Gabriel and the Pre-Raphaelite movement. He has preferred to the method of autobiography or reminiscence that of "presenting, duly ordered and annotated, the solid documentary materials by which his reminiscences are confirmed, or on which they rest," and he has confined the annotation to the strictly necessary, so that he here provides us with the raw material of history, and his characters are portrayed for us in their own words.

The relative importance of the material of the book is reflected in the order of the three words of the title. We have something here additional to our previous information on the history of Pre-Raphaelism, but nothing vitally important; we have a good deal of new matter about D. G. Rossetti, but it shows us the same Rossetti, brilliant, erratic, and untrustworthy, that we have already learned to know. But of John Ruskin we learn a deal that we had not known before, and the main interest of the book is to be found in the light it throws upon his nature and character. The matter of the volume is composed of letters, fragments of journals, and other manuscripts, to the number, in all, of 158, and of these 66 are letters of Ruskin, some of them of great importance, against forty letters by Rossetti and various smaller numbers by others, of whom Ford Madox Brown is one of the most important. In the author's own words, "Either Mr. Ruskin in relation to my brother, or my brother in relation to Mr. Ruskin, counts as the principal figure in this compilation"; and the first of these alternatives seems to us the true one.

It is always gratifying to know what an interesting man thinks of himself, and in one of these letters Mr. Ruskin has drawn his own character for us. We have "Ruskin by himself" at full length, and may well start with that as the basis of our picture, supplementing or correcting it by the testimony of others and of himself when not consciously engaged in self-revelation.

"You constantly hear a great many people saying I am very bad," says he, "and perhaps you have been yourself disposed lately to think me very good. I am neither the one nor the other. I am very self-indulgent, very proud, very obstinate, and *very* resentful; on the other side, I am very upright—nearly as just as I suppose it is possible for a man to be in this world—exceedingly fond of making people happy, and devotedly reverent to all true mental or moral power. I never betrayed a trust—never wilfully did an unkind thing—and never, in little or large matters, depreciated another that I might raise myself. . . . If you hear people say I am utterly hard and cold, depend upon it it is untrue. Though I have no friendships and no loves, I cannot read the epitaph of the Spartans at Thermopylæ with a steady voice to the end; and there is an old glove in one of my drawers that has lain there these eighteen years, which is worth something to me yet. . . . My pleasures are in seeing, thinking, reading, and making people happy (if I can, consistently with my own comfort). And I *take* these pleasures.—And I suppose, if my pleasures were in smoking, betting, dicing, and giving pain, I should take *those* pleasures."

This is Ruskin as he saw himself. Now let us have a *per-contra* of Ruskin as seen by a sturdily honest man, Ford Madox Brown. The scene is Rossetti's studio:

"There, while I was smoking a pipe in my shirtsleeves, 'enter to us' *Ruskin*. I smoke, he talks divers nonsense about art hurriedly in shrill flippant tones. I answer him civilly, then resume my coat and prepare to leave. Suddenly upon this he says, 'Mr. Brown, will you tell me why you chose such a very ugly subject for your last picture?' I, dumbfoundered at such a beginning from a stranger, look in his face expectant of some *qualification*, and ask, 'What picture?' To which he, looking defyingly, answers, 'Your picture at the British Exhibition. What made you take such a very ugly subject? It was a pity, for there was some *nice* painting in it.' I, from his manner, coupled with the knowledge of his having *praised* the subject to Gabriel a few days before, being satisfied that he intended impertinence, replied contemptuously, 'Because it lay out of a back window,' and, turning on my heel, took my hat and wished Gabriel good-bye. Ruskin seemed by this time in high dudgeon, and would not look at me as I left the room. So much for my first interview. . . . It would appear that his vanity was hurt at my not hanging longer on his skirts, and vented itself in impertinence."

Of course, Brown was touchy and too sensitive to a real or fancied slight, but when we remember that he was the first to practise Pre-Raphaelite doctrines, a most conscientious artist, and, perhaps, the real founder of the school, and that Ruskin never once found occasion to mention any of his works in public, we do not wonder that this interview was never repeated, and that Ruskin became for him "the great prohibited," whose name he would not have mentioned. Add to this the other known fact, that Ruskin could never see any merit in the work of Millais after their personal quarrel, and we are led to think that while he was right in thinking himself "*very* resentful," he was singularly wrong in considering himself "just." Of justice or of moderation he is alike incapable. He is, as Brown called him before their meeting, "the incarnation of exaggeration." "I am very positive about a great many things," he says of himself; but he is superlative always. Miss Siddal's drawings are "better than Rossetti's," and some little Gothic reliefs at Rouen, "the finest things I know in all the world." How many different things we have learned, at different times, are the very finest! And how infallible he is, whether in praise or blame. "There was nothing noticed in the pamphlet that was out of the way. My *business* is to know all sorts of *good*—small and great, no matter how small—and to attack all *sorts of bad*, no matter how great. I am going to run full butt at Raphael this next time." You see he is quite sure that he knows this business of his.

That Ruskin was really "fond of making people happy," there is here much evidence to show. He was tirelessly kind and generous in his relations to Rossetti and Miss Siddal, supplying them with money and help, and doing it in the most delicate way; constantly striving, as in this very letter, to make it seem that there was no obligation, and that everything was done for his own pleasure and advantage. Some of the letters to Miss Siddal, in which he tries to convince her that she need have no hesitation in accepting all that he offers, and need feel bound to nothing in return, are entirely charming. And yet it is easy to see how he was continually "sticking pins into" Ros-

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setti, as the latter phrased it. He felt that he must regulate all the affairs of the couple in whom he was interested; tell Rossetti what he must paint and how he must paint it; tell Miss Siddal just where she must go for her health, and decide whether or not Rossetti is to be allowed to join her. He thinks Rossetti a genius, and tells him so, but tells him also that his "taste is as yet unformed in verse"; asks him to "show me some things in color," yet lays down the law to him as a master might, perhaps, do to the humblest of his pupils. Here is his style on practical matters: "I don't say you do wrong, because you don't seem to know what *is* wrong, but just do whatever you like as far as possible—as puppies and tomtits do. However, as it is so, I must think for you—and first, I can't have you going to Paris, nor going near Ida, till you have finished those drawings, and Miss Heaton's too." And here is his style on the technical practice of art: "Just remember, as a general principle, never put raw green into *light* flesh. No great colorists ever did, or ever wisely will." This tone of *ex-cathedra* instruction becomes so noticeable that one feels it is not all a joke when the critic writes to the artist: "You are a conceited monkey, thinking your pictures right, when I tell you positively they are wrong. What do *you* know about the matter, I should like to know? You'll find out in six months what an absurdity that St. Catherine is."

Rossetti was not the most docile of men, and must have fretted and fumed under all this. It is not in nature for a poet and a painter to enjoy being lectured like a schoolboy about his art, or, for that matter, about his debts and his habits; and so we are somewhat prepared for the note of pathos in one of the last letters here given: "I wish Lizzie and you liked me enough to—say—put on a dressing gown and run in for a minute rather than not see me; or paint on a picture in an unsightly state, rather than not amuse me when I am ill. But you can't *make* yourselves like me, and you would only like me less if you tried." "No friendships and no loves," he has said, and one begins, perhaps, to understand why.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

The Maternity of Harriott Wicken. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. The Macmillan Co.

Strong Hearts. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Span o' Life. By W. McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith. Harper & Brothers.

Bonhomme. By Henry Cecil Walsh. Toronto: William Briggs.

It takes courage to open a book called 'The Maternity of Harriott Wicken.' A scientific lady novelist might by accident be gay over 'The Motherhood of Harriet,' but with 'The Maternity of Harriott' we know that she must be deadly. The prologue to the drama justifies this premonition, and the last scene does not shame it. Close upon this last scene a conversation is recorded between Dr. Owen, an old-time lover of Harriott's, and Mrs. Megson, her maternal aunt, who had borne her infant niece away from the horrors of the prologue and brought her up as her own child, in Brixton, never doubting that prosperous suburban circumstance could coerce a dreadful Wicken into a perfect counterfeit of a respectable Megson. "Before her marriage," says Dr. Owen, "I spoke to you as plainly as I could. She ought not to have married." "Fiddle-de-dee," responds Mrs. Megson; "when I was young, people never thought of such things—it isn't decent." We have so long been familiar with public discussion of the sort of things on which Mrs. Megson thus peremptorily laid taboo, that we believed her species to be extinct, and the fact that a suburb of London still harbors beings with a fatuous worship for decency does something to explain the extreme bitterness with which suburbs are always spoken of by English novelists who have achieved escape from them. Without wishing to pose as an apologist for criminal squeamishness, it still seems but fair to Mrs. Megson to say that the "things" behind Harriott Wicken were so bad that her aunt's reticence might be attributed to a quality poetically known as the milk of human kindness, and to surmise that all the nerve of all the lady novelists of the last decade might not suffice for a bare statement of such things to a young girl very much in love and wanting to be married. Further, it may be urged in Mrs. Megson's behalf that no ghost stories about decadent Wickens (idiots, drunkards, harlots) could have compelled this particular Wicken, who by instinct loathed suburbs and Megsons, to renounce a rich, good-looking, well-mannered lover ready to lead her out of Egyptian darkness into an enchanted land of promise—that is, prosaically, bear her away from Brixton and plush-covered chairs and tea with jam (it is amazing how these escaped suburban novelists hate tea with jam), and set her down in an artistically furnished West End flat with a choice of all the market affords for dinner. At all events, Harriott does marry Daniel Damril (probably to intensify an ominous situation, she is never spoken of as Mrs. Damril), cuts Brixton, and may be considered equipped to imitate or expiate the sins of her fathers. For imitation she shows but a weak capacity, and for that reason, perhaps, is called to a rather thorough expiation by becoming the mother of a daughter who at two years of age is declared to be a hopeless idiot.

Up to this point the author shows no originality. She writes better than most of her sisters, with more vitality and probability. For acrimonious precision in description of English suburbs and suburbans she excels Mr. Gissing. May they be forgiven if they have set down anything in malice! But when Harriott awakens to her child's condition and feels that the Wickens are to blame, that there is nothing of the normal, healthy Damril about it, then the author grasps the tragic possibilities of an ill-balanced, untrained nature, and uses them in a way that gives her preëminence in her group. Hereafter the dead Wickens count for nothing in Harriott's tragedy; she, a woman of small mind and no spirituality, becomes the unthinking slave of the most normal feminine instincts, love and jealousy, and both instincts combine to develop that overwhelming maternal passion for her wretched baby which is the cause of her worst mistakes and irretrievable disaster.

For the moment, at least, the gift of writing tragedy of high, poetic strain is withheld from a thankless people by resentful gods. We live for the most part physically if not basely, and any impulse to sing about the spirit soaring triumphantly above disaster and pain and wrong is probably blighted by the feeling that few would listen to the song. The only model that life appears to offer to literature for tragedy is harsh and narrow; a spectacle of human nature impoverished in spirit, battling doggedly and hopelessly towards inglorious defeat, ignoble extinction. The almost exclusive use of physical nature as a figure for fate and retributive justice announces a generation that has lost faith and fine ideals. Much of the literature thus inspired is pseudo-tragic, more of it is weak, foolish, immoral, unquestionably ephemeral—born dead. But a number of foreign authors and a few of our own have spoken for their generation in words that will last and by which posterity must judge us. It is just possible that 'Harriott Wicken' may thus survive, because it has directness and coherence and intensity, which are among the qualities that make for long life in letters. Facing such possibility, we may take comfort in the reflection that Mrs. Megson's unthinkable things have been uttered as decently as they can be, that hideous vice is mentioned only historically (though in scorn of the injunction to speak nothing but good of the dead), and that Harriott's last supreme sacrifice to her husband, so smooth, so shallow, so unequal to pain, suggests that there may be a spirit of man that goeth upward different from the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth.

By way of introduction to his volume called 'Strong Hearts,' Mr. Cable says: "This cluster of tales is one, because from each of its parts, with no arguments but the souls and fates they tell of, it illustrates the indivisible twinship of poetry and religion." Here is a declaration that *Lieb und Treu und Glauben* have not disappeared from the world, and, so far as Mr. Cable's instances go, the declaration is made perfectly good. One, and not the least, of Mr. Cable's claims to distinction as a writer of fiction is that he has pulled manfully against the stream of tendency, and has chosen for representation chiefly people who are pure and lovely, and character of good report. This is not to say that he depicts immaculate creatures above temptation, but only that he finds people with enough inward strength or grace to resist and conquer temptation. His first subject here is common—a man's fight with a devouring passion for drink. "The Solitary" is not dramatic, not heroic in any striking fashion; but he touches the heart and the imagination. Beaten or victorious, one would remember him and admire him as a man who had put up a good fight. The second tale is delightful, because the "Taxidermist" is so exquisitely good, and his wife not a whit behind. In this and in the "Entomologist," Mr. Cable returns to the Creole quarter of New Orleans, and touches it with that tender grace which captured us all many years ago. The third tale is more complex, both in incident and in emotion. A silly woman very nearly succeeds in bringing about scandal and crime, but the strong heart of the stupid moth-hunter's wife averts danger without so much as a scene. She gets timely aid from the yellow fever (for the time is during the scourge of 1878). Most of us get our notions of what goes on in a fever-stricken town from the newspapers, but Mr. Cable seems to have neglected that source of information. He does not speak of any one who stood at his gate aiming a shot-gun at intruders, nor of husbands and mothers who forsook infected wives and children. On the contrary, he tells about people who opened their gates to the sick,

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and about one who feared the sickness so little in comparison with moral disaster that she could say, "Thank God it is only the yellow fever."

During the eighteenth century the writers of realistic fiction had their innings, but in the nineteenth the Romantics have scored nobly with fiction about the eighteenth. Two episodes at least are inexhaustible—the expulsion of the Stuarts and the fall of New France. In 'The Span o' Life' we make the acquaintance of Hugh Maxwell of Kirkconnel, the Chevalier Maxwell who fought and was beaten at Culloden, yet lived to fight and be beaten again at Louisbourg and Quebec. His tale is in three parts, the first and last told by him and the middle by his sweetheart, Margaret Nairn, an adventurous lady who followed her lover across seas and kept up her courage by singing:

"The Span o' Life's nae lang eneugh,
Nor deep eneugh the sea,
Nor braid eneugh this weary warld,
To part my love frae me."

The authors have blended history and romance ingeniously and smoothly. If there is a fault of manner, it is that Maxwell's narrative is a little too bland and circumspect; it savors rather of the "gentleman of the desk" with whom he disclaims affinity, than of a blustering soldier presumably full of strange oaths. Miss Nairn's contribution is a trifle chilly, but her correct composition checks any inference of personal impropriety that the cynical might wish to draw from her unconventional behavior. But, after all, it is only in the very best historical romances that the people count for much apart from the happenings; and to have told so many dramatic events, to have painted so many picturesque scenes, as well as the authors of 'The Span o' Life' have done, is to have come out second best in their class. The illustrations are admirable; they illustrate the tale and adorn the book.

The Canadian habitant is receiving much attention, in both verse and prose—enough, perhaps, should he hear of his vogue, to make him learn to read English, or even that unscrupulous broken English which some of his interpreters put in his mouth. In a volume of sketches and stories entitled 'Bonhomme' he would recognize himself with pleasure. The author, who combines in an unusual degree the powers of accurate observation and sure, sympathetic intuition, has presented several common phases of Bonhomme's outward life with graphic fidelity, and his heart with unpretentious frankness and probability. He does not appear as a curiosity, or a freak; he is just an average man, who has retained through centuries a primitive naturalness, sometimes pathetic, sometimes passionate, much affected but not set apart from his species by the accidents of ancestry, of a tongue foreign to surrounding communities, and of not knowing how to read. Mr. Walsh shows him in common characteristic occupations, and elects to show him (as a writer of fiction, however realistic, must elect) in interesting and crucial moments. Being able both to see and to divine and to estimate the interchangeable debt of circumstance and character, his people and their *milieu* appear inseparable; they explain and complete each other. The sketches are better than the stories, in which the development is sometimes awkward and the drama a failure. This is probably because the author has not settled down to a narrative method, but is groping and experimenting. His dialogue is perfectly vivacious, being an almost literal translation of Bonhomme's native phrase, but, speaking in his own person, he is at times uncertain, obscure, and in grammar imperfect. Nevertheless, 'Bonhomme' is an entertaining volume for the story-reader, and a very hopeful one for those concerned to catch a fresh, strong note in fiction.

A Life for Liberty: Anti-Slavery and Other Letters of Sallie Holley. Edited, with introductory chapters, by John White Chadwick. With illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

The splendid anti-slavery tradition of the Jays and the Adamses does not rob this biography of its unique distinction in being that of an anti-slavery worker in the second generation. Myron Holley did not commence agitator, and his early eminence grew out of his official part in the construction of the Erie Canal; but Elizur Wright's Life of him is, after all, properly classified with abolition literature. He was a large factor in the formation of the Liberty party, whose objects possessed his mind to the time of his death. He did not give up everything for the cause—few Liberty party men did or could, as few politicians except journalists ever do. His zeal, however, he imparted to his daughter, the subject of this memoir, and she ended by devoting herself wholly, at first to the propaganda of Garrisonian anti-slavery doctrine, and in her beautiful old age to the elevation of the freedmen on the soil of the Old Dominion.

Mr. Chadwick opens his introduction with a legend of good women to whom Sallie Holley became a coadjutor and companion. Without magnifying her natural gifts or her ability, he estimates justly her services as a lecturer and a teacher, and finds the essential worth of her correspondence in its imaging the domestic side of the abolition circle in all grades of culture and condition. We perceive her to have been fond of the refinements of living, distinctly elegant in her dress and in her color sense, of marked literary taste and interest (she was a graduate of Oberlin), a welcome guest in the home of affluence and intellect, yet readily accommodating herself to the poorest and most slovenly hospitality accorded her in the name of humanity, and for the last twenty years of her life dwelling among Virginian blacks in a mission which, had it been in Africa itself, would have been deemed heroic by all the churches.

"I recall," says Mr. Chadwick, "no other letters and journals of the period that furnish us with so vivid a conception of the work done by the agents of the Anti-Slavery Society. As we read, it is as if we, too, were going to and fro in the land, and up and down in it, enduring many hardships, enjoying much delightful hospitality, alternately elated and depressed, pathetically pleased with very modest contributions, sitting in heavenly places with some of the best people in the world, and in others less celestial with some of the most peculiar and fanatical. There were even those who seemed to think with Tolstoi that cleanliness is inimical to social equality, and that the dirtier they were the better."

She had a buoyant temperament and much humor, saw truly, charged her letters with good anecdotes, to which her editor sometimes adds equally good, as when he tells of Lucretia Mott permitting him to advertise her speaking in his pulpit, contrary to the Quaker notion of inspiration, saying, "The Spirit always gives me about twenty-four hours' intimation.'"

In Rensselaer County, N. Y., Miss Holley wrote to her *alter ego*, Miss Caroline Putnam, in 1854:

"You would laugh to hear all the criticisms these Quakers are guilty of regarding me. One said she thought I dressed too gay; another that I laughed too much; a third that I did not visit enough. A fourth wished I would speak oftener, and a fifth said I did not eat enough, and that I had large self-esteem. Still another said I ought not to receive money; to her mind it was just the same as a 'hireling ministry.'"

All these counts were characteristic except that of self-esteem. She was undoubtedly a very effective speaker, having a fine deep voice and excellent delivery, with a great capacity for pathetic expression, but she could never bring herself to take the platform in the presence of the elders in the cause. The Rev. Samuel May, general agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, who laid out a considerable part of her work for her, writes: "I am told that her New Testament readings and comments were of wonderful force and beauty, and that her lectures invariably moved to tears." But he adds, "*I never heard her speak!* So sensitive was she that, even when she lectured in Leicester, she made a point that I should not go, though my wife was going."

It was another sort of sensitiveness that she herself chronicles in writing from Bucks County, Penn., in 1852:

"I heard a touching story the other day. A poor colored man, who has lived a few years in this State, joined the church one year ago, but has not yet partaken of the sacrament. His minister secretly asked him why he had not. 'Oh,' said the poor fellow, 'I once had a brother, and he was sold to buy Communion plate, and, somehow, I can't partake.'"

The large part of the memoir which relates to Miss Holley and Miss Putnam's self-denying labors among the freedmen at the mouth of the Potomac we earnestly commend to any Southern man or woman truly concerned about the "problem." These Christian ladies were not deceived by any philanthropic glamour. In December, 1878, Miss Holley writes from Lottsburgh to Gerrit Smith's daughter, one of their most generous benefactors:

"We celebrated Christmas in our schoolhouse, and shall also New Year's Day. These poor white as well as colored people flock to our doors to get a present holiday times. Last Wednesday, more than three hundred souls came, and to each one I had the pleasure of giving something off our gay Christmas tree. It is pitiful to see these poor whites with their blank, lean faces. Too silly or proud to attend, or to allow their little children to attend, our *colored* school! And to grow up without knowing the alphabet!

"The religion of these colored people is very demoralizing. It has no connection with moral principle. They have just had a 'three days' meeting' in the old stolen schoolhouse, and made night hideous with their horrible singing and prayers, and dancing in a wild, savage way."

And again (August, 1879):

"This whole summer long I have had nobody to talk with but Miss Putnam and these poor colored folks! These white women who hold themselves high, are sick with bilious fever or rheumatism a great part of the time. Their habits of living are horrible. Fat bacon, poor black coffee, and bread made with saleratus and eaten hot from the fire. It is awfully rainy, and the colored people are holding their 'protracted meeting.' I expect nothing less than that all will be down sick with chills after it is over. They use immense quantities of tobacco—men and women both smoke—then

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hold all-night meetings, and shuffle and scuffle and sing and scream in the greatest excitement, and call it being 'happy in the Lord.' "

For a final quotation, take this in comment on a new teacher who had, before Miss Holley was aware of it, taught the children to sing a hymn,

"How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast."

"The colored people are already a great deal too much for 'rest.' They are disinclined to effort, and the prospect of an eternity in heaven where all is 'rest' is amazingly alluring. It is only by immense and long-continued effort that I can rouse them to a very moderate degree of labor, and it seems to me a positive injury to minister to their laziness by teaching such hymns. I greatly prefer those that inculcate the *truth*, that life here and always must be a battle," etc.

Miss Holley alternated with Miss Putnam in leaving their Inferno for a rest in New York, where among her latest pleasures was listening to Prof. Davidson's Dante lectures. The Rev. W. C. Gannett, who ministered at her funeral in 1893 (the good woman had nearly filled out her seventy-fifth year), remarked aptly upon "her own Dante-like face as she lay in the casket." This resemblance can hardly be inferred from the full-face portrait, one of many in this volume which reinforce the anti-slavery gallery. Miss Holley herself made a striking comparison when, on hearing Frederick Douglass speak in the Boston Music Hall, she wrote: "He looked very well; in no way an unfit companion for the Beethoven stationed behind him." His picture, too, is here, for the adornment of Mr. Chadwick's pious and altogether admirable labor of love, over which we might easily linger.

Women and Economics. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The As-Suchness of Woman is a well-worn theme, and confession to a weariness of it as a topic is a suitable preface to saying that Mrs. Stetson's book seems to us the most significant utterance on the subject since Mill's 'Subjection of Women' reached a class of thinkers never before touched by any views later than those of Noah. This is far from agreement with all of Mrs. Stetson's conclusions or even premises, or from always finding logical connection between the two. What is asserted is that the subject is approached from a new point of view, with a new largeness of outlook, both backward and forward; a new business capacity, so to speak, in arraying the pros and cons on the field of debate; a new imaginativeness in interpretation, and finally a temper which, being good, is perhaps newest of all. While it would be easy to ridicule some of her propositions and caricature some of her arguments, it is still easier not to do so, but to dwell and ponder upon their serious and lofty aspirations. It is a book which invites and should lead to reasonable and scientific discussion.

The main argument is that the long economic dependence of woman on man as her source of food constitutes a false economic relation between them, and hence is responsible for an exaggerated and mischievous differentiation of the sexes beyond what is seen in any other animal creature, causing, through mal-apportionment of the world's work, a distortion of human relations and human qualities. It would be simple to reply in the old couplet that man has not a microscopic eye, "for this good reason, man is not a fly"; but such retort is promptly disarmed by the proclamation that, evil as have been the effects on woman, it is this very process which has made of man a higher being than the fly, by evolving the paternal qualities. From the purely utilitarian male carried about in the wings of the cirriped in extra numbers for fear of loss, the masculine half of creation in man has risen to the man-mother, performing the world's duties, his own, and many of woman's. Hers, after her natural sex functions, are, according to Mrs. Stetson, too exclusively those of dependent nurse and house servant. But before the reader has time to suggest that practically all industries and all professions are now open to women, our author meets us with the exultant admission that the change is here, brought about by neither the will nor seeking of man or woman, but by the force of social evolution, working as painfully now as it has worked before, yet, as she enthusiastically believes, bringing us out into "better motherhood and fatherhood, better babyhood and childhood, better food, better homes, better society." "It is already happening. All we need do is to understand and help." So, then, woman's long servitude has helped to form certain fine traits in man, yet has encouraged him too in hardness and the lust for power. Upon herself the effect has been dwarfing and enslaving, promoting "a feverish, torturing, moral sensitiveness, without the width and clarity of vision of a full-grown moral sense." She may rejoice over what she has accomplished, but the reaction is at hand in which alone full development lies.

The argument is an interesting one, and full of suggestion, that, as women have become over-sexed through æons of economic dependence on man, so, through becoming in greater measure their own providers, they will lead the whole race, both men and women, back to simpler living and simpler relationship, and thus forward a higher life in which the worst evils of humanity will shrivel out of existence from sheer non-nutrition. "Not the sex-relation, but the economic relation of the sexes has so tangled the skein of human life." The new order is to bring about "a union between man and woman such as the world has long dreamed of in vain." As Mrs. Stetson's search for causes goes back to the beginnings of life, so her conclusions reach forward to a millennium which she firmly believes is having its inauguration.

A few chapters are given to detailed suggestions of improved ways of living. These are to include the abolition of the private kitchen, even as the private laundry and bakery have largely disappeared. The kindergarten and the ballot-box are taken for granted as essentials for which no arguments need be adduced; the one ill-natured sentence of the book, indeed, occurs in this connection, where the writer alludes to "that crowning imbecility of history—the banded opposition of some women to the advance of the others." She feels it necessary, however, to make a special plea for the outside day-nursery, where the babies can spend some hours of each day in being "a baby" and not "my baby"—realizing, doubtless, that many a woman reader (like the husband who plumed himself on never praising to his wife his mother's pies—"except mince") will consent to the banishment of the kitchen stove, the family dining-room, the domestic broom, but will draw the line at the baby. It would be unjust, however, to this dignified book to try its cause by extracted sentences. In such wise, one might make easy inference that the home and the family are of lessening importance; that "mother's doughnuts" are necessarily indigestible, and cousinly affection a fast-dying relic of patriarchal days. Such criticism would be nearsighted. The book is one to be read with one's best historic glasses on. But even so it must be added in candor that we think not enough value is attached to the educational influences of family friction, of doing what one does not want to do, of the bondage to duty which, after all, is humanity's only freedom.

Field, Forest, and Wayside Flowers. By Maud Going (E. M. Hardinge). Baker & Taylor Co. Pp. 411.

This work is illustrated by three types of pictures: full-page reproductions of photographs, copies of well-known botanical figures, and certain drawings from life. The photographs are mostly very good, but many of the drawings are altogether too large; in fact, they do not bear a right proportion to the size of the page, and therefore they present an unpleasant appearance. They may even prejudice the casual reader against the volume. It is probable that almost all who take the volume in hand will deplore the unattractive character of the majority of the illustrations. But if the reader will forgive this lack of judgment on the part of the publishers, it is more than likely that the work will later heartily commend itself on account of the excellent text. Here and there little slips will be observed, such as the persistent misspelling of Delpino's name; but these errors are, perhaps, to be laid at the door of the proof-reader. To leave these imperfections aside is an easy matter, for the greater part of the text is exceptionally interesting. The reader is guided along, without fatigue, through faithful accounts of the structure and behavior of many groups of our common plants. In a very successful manner, the author takes up point after point in the history of the plants under discussion, and places the readers in possession of the modern views respecting the subject. Many of the descriptions of structure are admirable in every way, and in a few instances, where the author has had occasion to present the very latest aspect of the case, the proportions have been well kept.

With a few substitutions, where the phraseology savors of kindergarten instruction, the work is one which can be profitably studied by amateurs of every grade of advancement. To beginners, the work is a safe guide, because the errors, on the whole, are trifling and not likely to mislead. To more advanced students, who have not kept up with the times, the pages are worth careful perusal. Nearly all of the more important phases of plant-life are considered in their succession as regards time, from spring to winter and the winter's sleep. The treatise has been well planned upon a modest scale, and the aim set before the author has been reached. Success in the execution of the plan fully justifies her in unveiling her pseudonym.

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Explorations in the Far North. By Frank Russell. Being the Report of an Expedition under the Auspices of the University of Iowa during the years 1892, '93, and '94. Iowa City: Published by the University. 1898.

Premising that by the term "Far North" is meant that portion of British America which lies "beyond the Great Slave Lake," we have in this volume an account of the series of explorations made by our author in that region for the purpose of obtaining specimens of the larger arctic mammals, especially musk-ox, and incidentally of "picking up everything he could lay his hands on." Broad as were the instructions, they seem to have been liberally interpreted, and it is but scant justice to add that, in carrying them out, Mr. Russell made good use of his opportunities. Certainly, when we consider the character of the region in which he labored, the means, necessarily somewhat limited, that were placed at his command, and the fact that, constituting, as he did, the entire personnel of the expedition, he was obliged not only to secure his specimens, but also to prepare and care for them, we can but admire the pluck and persistence which enabled him to prosecute his work under circumstances that would have daunted a less resolute spirit. It is all very well, as we can easily understand, to gather specimens of this kind in fine weather, and it cannot be much of a hardship to prepare them, when gathered by others, over a good fire and amid comfortable surroundings; but it is quite another thing to carry on either or both of these operations at the close of a hard day's work with the paddle, or amid snow and ice, with the thermometer at from 20 to 60 degrees below zero, a blizzard blowing without, and for fuel only a tent pole. Such, in fact, were some of the experiences that befell our author in the course of the different expeditions, not always successful, that he was obliged to make after buffalo, musk-ox, etc.; and though he was too much of an enthusiast to flinch from his task or complain of its hardships so far as he was personally concerned, yet he sounds a note of warning when, at the close of a most successful hunt after musk-ox, he advises sportsmen, *qua* sportsmen, to keep out of the "No-wood country," as the Indians call it, if life and health are valued.

In making these local expeditions (and, roughly speaking, the same may be said of all travel in that region), the only mode of conveyance is by canoe or dog-train, according to the season of the year. With both of these our author became more or less familiar; and to any one interested in a story of adventure, told in a simple, straightforward manner and without any beating of tom-toms, we can commend this account of his experiences by flood and field. Without going into particulars, it will be sufficient to say that, in the course of his expeditions, sometimes alone, but oftener with a band of Indians, he travelled over 2,200 miles by dog-train; and what makes the feat more remarkable is the fact that he had but one team of four dogs, and that there were times when the load averaged over a hundred pounds to each dog and the path was over an unbroken waste of snow. This, however, is but a part of the record, for, leaving out of consideration the occasional lift in one of the few steamboats by means of which the Hudson Bay Company keeps up an intermittent communication with its more northerly posts, it is probable that the distances covered in the course of his summer excursions, in canoes, were not less great. In fact, one of the longest, as it was one of the most venturesome of his expeditions in these frail barks, was made on his way home, when he descended the Mackenzie to its mouth, and then, turning westward, he skirted along the shores of the Arctic Ocean to Herschel Island. In the first part of this journey he was alone, but from Fort McPherson onward he had three companions, among whom was the Count de Sainville. At Herschel Island he was lucky enough to find several American whalers that were not yet free from the ice. Upon one of these he took passage, and on the 27th of October, 1894, he reached San Francisco, having thus completed, for the first time, the descent of the Mackenzie to its mouth, and the return to civilization around Alaska.

For the scientific results of this expedition a word of commendation may not be out of place. In round numbers, they consist of some two thousand specimens, catalogued in the University Museum under 1,200 heads, and embrace certain of the mammals, birds, fishes, and insects peculiar to the region traversed. To this is added a collection of ethnological material from the Eskimo and the various Indian tribes with which our author came in contact; and though he modestly tells us that, when engaged in this work, he did not understand the Indians as well as he has since come to do, and was not, therefore, in sympathy with them, yet when dealing with these people he most interests us so far as he throws light upon their present condition. Of course, we do not expect to find among them any great amount of aboriginal material, for they have been in contact with the whites for a hundred years and more, and have lost many of their arts and industries; and as many of them can read and write and all are nominally Christians, they may be said to be semi-civilized. And yet, when we see how persistent are some of their beliefs and customs, we may well doubt whether they have made any real progress. Thus, for example, we find that on Easter Sunday, before setting out on their hunt for musk-ox, they assembled in the chief's lodge for prayers, after which they had a feast, in which the meat was divided in Indian fashion—the best pieces to the leaders and the poorest to the women. Before, however, beginning their festivities, "grace was repeated in concert," and then the chief "threw a tongue and a small ball of pemmican into the fire," just as was the custom among our own Indians when the whites first came among them. Instances, like this, of the persistence of savage belief crop out, more or less frequently, in the report, and give it a value independent of its other merits. The ethnologist will find in it much to repay careful study.

Throne-Makers. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

Mr. Thayer's "Throne-Makers" are four in number, Bismarck, Napoleon III., Kossuth, Garibaldi; and to the essays on these great historical characters he adds four more, entitled "Portraits," which have for their subjects Carlyle, Tintoret, Giordano Bruno, and Bryant. The space of the volume is almost evenly divided between its two distinct parts, but there is this superficial difference between them that whereas the "Portraits" have already been printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines, the "Throne-Makers" now become public property for the first time. To make a further analysis, Mr. Thayer has already disclosed his interest in the large political movements of the century, and also his enthusiasm for Italy. This remembered, a glance at the table of contents brings out the persistence here of the same tastes, for the papers on Carlyle and Bryant are the only ones which deal neither with modern politics nor with the Italian nation, and both of them were suggested by centenary occasions.

Even in a volume of short and somewhat miscellaneous essays one naturally casts about for a certain unity of purpose which shall hold the scattered pieces together. Mr. Thayer does not write as the champion of a synthetic philosophy, whether historical, political, or social, but we find a few clear motives pervading whatever he says, and to these we shall restrict our notice. First of all comes an unwavering love of the ideal. A passage at the close of his essay on Giordano Bruno expresses his attitude not merely to that bizarre representative of the later Renaissance, but towards the roots and sources of human action. "By his death Bruno did not prove that his convictions are true, but he proved beyond peradventure that he was a true man; and by such from the beginning has human nature been raised towards that ideal nature which we believe divine." A second strong note which Mr. Thayer sounds is reverence for personal power wherever it can be discovered in subjection to elementary moral restraints. He has been deeply affected by Carlyle, and defends his master from the charge that, "in his exaltation of the strong man, he worships crude force."

"Let us grant," continues Mr. Thayer, "that on the surface the accusation seems plausible; but when we seek deeper, we shall discover that he exalts Cromwell and Frederick, not because they were despots, but because, in his judgment, they knew better than any other man, or group of men, in their respective countries, how to govern. Their ability was their justification; their force but the symbol of their ability."

By an easy corollary Mr. Thayer detests the "Sham Force" of Napoleon III. without the least attempt at disguise, and we cannot imagine him countenancing the 2d of December had it been executed by the genius which planned the 18th Brumaire—or indeed under any circumstances whatever.

Lastly (and the point is connected with the foregoing one) Mr. Thayer's essays have no savor of the democratic doctrinaire. He styles Mazzini "the indomitable dreamer"; his comment upon the general disposition in France to make Napoleon III. the scapegoat for Sedan is, "A free people keeps no worse ruler than it deserves"; and before appraising the value of Bismarck's work, he emphasizes the Prussian instinct for subordination, or rather the Prussian inability to progress towards the immediate goal of union without deriving aid from the principle of monarchical loyalty.

"Bismarck knew that though his countrymen might talk eloquently about liberty, they loved to be governed, he knew that their genius was mechanical, and he triumphed by directing them along the line of their genius. He would have failed had he

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appealed to the love of liberty, by appealing to which Cavour freed Italy, or to the love of glory, by appealing to which Napoleon was able to convert half of Europe into a French province. Bismarck knew that his Prussians must be roused in a different way."

The literary style of the volume, while in no sense sinking to tameness, is free from conspicuous and unpleasant mannerisms. At rare intervals a word like "transcience," or expressions like "Platonic aversion" and "levy in mass," intrude themselves upon one's notice, creating an impression of slight irregularity; but our criticism of Mr. Thayer's manner is that it suitably expresses his mature and thoughtful reflections.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Allen, Grant. Miss Cayley's Adventures. Putnams. $1.50.
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Blok, P. J. Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Volk. Vierde Deel. Groningen: J. B. Wolters.
Brassey, T. A. The Naval Annual. 1899. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $6.
Bullen, F. T. Idylls of the Sea. Appletons. $1.25.
Bygate, J. E. Durham, the Cathedral and See. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. 60c.
Cavanagh, Rev. W. H. The Word Protestant. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Chambers, R. W. Outsiders. An Outline. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
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De Morgan, Augustus. On the Study and Difficulties of Mathematics. New ed. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. $1.25.
Dresser, J. A. The True History of Mental Science. Boston: G. A. Ellis. 20c.
Dwight, Timothy. Thoughts of and for the Inner Life. Sermons. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Gould, E. S. A Primer of the Calculus. 2d ed. D. Van Nostrand Co. 50c.
Griffis, W. E. America in the East. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Gwynn, Stephen. The Repentance of a Private Secretary. John Lane.
Herford, Prof. C. H. The Works of Shakspere. [Eversley Edition.] Vol. IV. Macmillan.
History and Manufacture of Floor Coverings. New York: Review Publishing Co. $1.50.
Horton, George. A Fair Brigand. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Howell, W. G. Twin Oaks. F. T. Neely.
Jacks, William. The Life of Prince Bismarck. Glasgow: MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $4.
Kenney, James. Poems, Scottish and American. J. S. Ogilvie Co. $1.
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Mémoires du Comte de Moré (1758-1837). Paris: Picard & Fils.
Miall, A. B. Poems. John Lane. $1.50.
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Monkhouse, Allan. A Deliverance. John Lane. $1.25.
Morley, Margaret W. The Bee People. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Neilson, George. Annals of the Solway until A. D. 1307. Glasgow: James Mac Lehose & Sons.
North, Sir Thomas. Plutarch's Lives. Vol. v. [Temple Classics.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Ohnet, Georges. Au Fond du Gouffre. Paris: Ollendorff; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Pemberton, Max. The Garden of Swords. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
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Thompson, Rev. W. The History and Antiquities of the Church of St. Saviour, Southwark. London: Ash & Co.
Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations. Vols. xliii. and xliv. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Trent, Prof. W. P. John Milton. A Short Study of his Life and Works. Macmillan. 75c.
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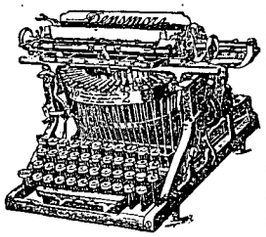

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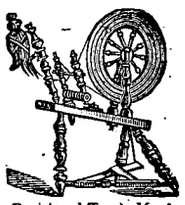

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